

Music & Letters

A Quarterly Publication

Edited by

A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS

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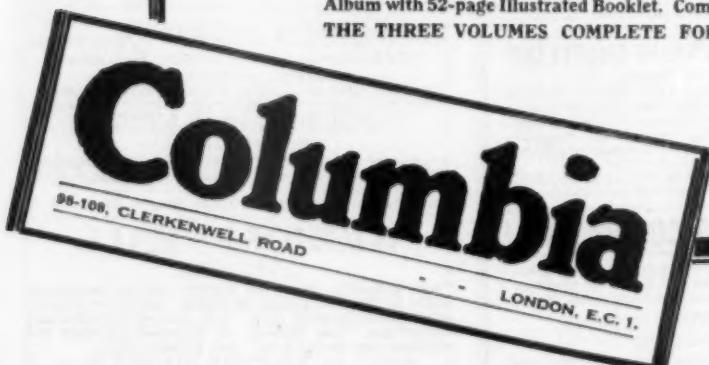
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Music and Letters

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VOLUME XIII

No. 4

BEETHOVEN PLANS THE TENTH

Words are walls, doors, gates.
Who climbs, who holds a key,
Who finds a friendly warden,
May enter the city of wisdom.
Better, like Samson, carry off the gates !

Music is water, first of elements.
Man rides on the river current, rides to the sea,
With cargoes of gold, of ashes ;
Rides alone in his racing shell,
Sees no beauty on the banks—
Only his rival and the goal.

Sing the river song,
Ye who quit before the harbour,
Landlocked with circumstance, afraid of ocean.
My ocean-keel is launched : the symphony.
I am the captain, pilot, carpenter.
Others have built, I must rebuild and sail,
Live in the ocean, argue with the waves,
Suffer the moon-power in my heart
Until I feel the rhythm of the tides,
Make tempest-harmony and learn the beat
That never changes under calm or storm.

I walked across the treetops, felt their roots
Move under me.
I'll make the sea of truth my home.
Science plays
With Newton's knowledge-pebbles on the shore.
No! No! No!

I must carry man out of the shallows.
Whoever the helmsman be, my ocean spirit
Will steer him farther into the unknown—
Deep-water pilot, I,
Pilot invisible of the exploring soul.

ROBERT COLE.

MUSIC IN MEREDITH—II

THE most obvious outcome of George Meredith's instinct for music formed the subject of our first article. In it we wrote of the music-making in *Sandra Belloni* and *Vittoria*; of the opera-singer Emilia, that superb figure of an artist, a patriot and a living woman; also of her foils and her satellites, chief of them that great study in the grotesque, Pericles the impresario. *One of our Conquerors* next came in for treatment as the only other novel of the master in which the art holds a considerable place. Here Victor Radnor, the moneyed amateur, builds round him his insecure pleasure house of sound. He, his Nataly and their daughter Nesta, with a crowd of acquaintances more or less hazily sketched in, lend to much of the book a musical atmosphere little heeded as yet by writers on Meredith. We showed, too, how Radnor, if anyone in the novels, is his creator's musical mouthpiece, with his reverence for Beethoven and his regretful acceptance of Wagner 'to the displacement of his boyhood's beloved sugary -inis and -antes and -zettis.' Judged by his tastes in music, confessed and to be inferred, Meredith is himself the mid-Victorian amateur, and narrow as such, for he takes no interest in oratorio.

The depth of his sympathies, however, matters more than does their range. We tried to make two further points: one, that although he can on occasion write of abstract music, or of composers, with discernment and fair knowledge, his gifts find fuller play in the treatment of musical performance, viewed from its human aspects; above all in the treatment of singers and singing. Also that he relies, being a poet, on metaphor and analogy rather than on a modest stock of technical musical language rightly used for the most part but liable to error under strain. Both of which considerations lead to a more vital one: that his instinct for music is an overflow of the lyric urge that makes him a poet. Music helps him, of course, in the drawing of some of his characters; but only secondarily is Meredith the psychologist concerned with the art. Deeper is his singer's instinct; more significant that keenness of ear that sets his imagination athrill with wonder at the myriad beauties of sound.

This article now leaves aside the formal, civilised music-making to be found in his works. It bids adieu not only to Emilia, and to

her prowess at La Scala, but even to the cheery ballad-tags and other 'beginnings and ends of songs' that enliven the open-air pages of some of the novels. We are to consider Meredith's listening faculty, and in particular its natural product, his use of musical imagery. We shall range pretty widely over novels and poems, but begin by taking up again that neglected yet musically significant book *One of our Conquerors*.

We have done with its hero the mercurial Radnor; with his tastes in opera, his flute-playing and his amateur orchestra; also with his daughter Nesta in so far as she is a singer. We would clear the lists for the Rev. Septimus Barmby. Critics who have deigned to notice him have commonly thought him a nuisance. He belongs to a nebulous crowd of personages who may help to give atmosphere, but who seriously impede the main action of the story. Neither as an amateur of music nor as a suitor for Nesta's hand is he as real as his rival Dudley Sowerby. All the same, we know of no other character like him in fiction; nor perhaps is it desirable that there should be one. For he is actually drawn, to a great extent, in musical metaphor. He says surprisingly little; he is no accumulation of technical jargon such as those naval heroes of many a good old novel, who hardly open their lips without avasting or belaying. No, on his voice, merely on that, Meredith showers a fountain of imagery, persistent, overwhelming. At social assemblies under Radnor's roof, Barmby's 'many fathom bass,' his 'voice all ophicleide' resounds. His utterances are 'cathedral in sentiment and sonorousness.' He would beguile Nesta by singing songs called 'Bethesda' and 'Galilee'; in these performances the stress, the vibrant intensity of his voice make Nataly think of 'the towering woodwork of the cathedral organ in quake under emission of its multitudinous out roar.' Nothing less: and let the connoisseur in language find two better words than those last ones for the fortissimo of a big organ if he can. In time Nesta's father suspects Mr. Barmby's intentions, but that only leads to a change of wind, so to speak, in the storm of musical metaphor—to a change from organs to double-basses: 'Barmby has good sense,' declares Victor Radnor, 'Bottesini can't intend to come scraping on that string.' None the less, Mr. Barmby proposes; he finds words; but they are ineffective, partly from reasons connected with the plot, partly (we feel) because the poor man has had so little practice in articulate speech. The avowal takes place on the promenade at Brighton:

It was an oratorio. She watched the long wave roll on to the sinking into its fellow, and onward again for the swell and the weariful lapse, and up at last bursting to the sheet of white.

The far-heard roar and the near commingled, giving Mr. Barmby a semblance to the powers of ocean. . . .

The band instruments behind the sheltering glass flourished on their termination of a waltz.

She had not heeded their playing. Now she said: 'the music is over; we must not be late at lunch.'

A neat stroke of the Comic Spirit, the swamping of Barmby's oratorio of a proposal in the wind-up of a waltz! A fitting climax to a freak of bravura characterisation such as only Meredith dare have attempted. Obviously a conscientious craftsman in fiction such as Henry James could riddle this personage with criticism. In countless ways Barmby is wrong; not only is he barely articulate, he is scarcely alive; we must not call him man, but only a booming voice. Yet for the sake of this tour de force in musical figures—and our few quotations show how aptly and with what a sense of quality they are used—Meredith let other considerations go hang. In heretical moments we think him justified.

Only here, in all the novels, does the Spirit that scourged Sir Willoughby and other swollen or sentimental males use music as its most cutting lash. (*Pericles*, of course, was a great and joyous Jonsonian 'humour,' existing in another realm of the grotesque.) Again, only in Barmby do images and metaphors, drawn from music yet all but independent of its performance—only helped out now and then by so common a 'property' as a pier band—form a vital thread in the texture of the character-drawing. But *One of our Conquerors* displays in another passage a subtler reach in Meredith's imaginative use of the art. Not even in the two novels of Italian inspiration did he achieve so intimate, so exquisite a glimpse into a mind through which the imagined tones of music pass habitually, and invest visible objects with their own gaiety or calm; while at the same time, it may be, earthly problems possess the lower levels of consciousness, and lose their weight and their pain. Nesta Radnor is day-dreaming in a railway carriage:

She passed into music, as she always did under motion of carriages and trains, whether in happiness or sadness: and the day being one that had a sky, the scenic of music swung her up to soar. None of her heavy burdens enchain'd, though she knew the weight of them, with those of other painful souls. The pipeing at her breast gave wings to large and small of the visible; and along the downs went stateliest of flowing dances; a copse lengthened to forest; a pool of cattle-water caught gray for flights through enchantment. Cottage-children, wherever seen in groups, she wreathed above with angels to watch them. Her mind all the while was busy upon earth, embracing her mother, eyeing her father. Imagination and our earthly met midway.

We feel here the touch of divination in musical psychology; yet the crowning quality of the passage is its lyricism. In a book held to

be the most tortured in style of all Meredith's these sentences ring and swing along with a delicious happy coolness. Poet and psychologist are at one. Their fusion has worked a miracle, and has been brought about by music.

Thus *One of our Conquerors*, though grounded less firmly on the facts of music-making than *Sandra Belloni* and *Vittoria* had been, dares more in its figurative use of the art. In the author's most wilful period this was to be expected. It will be well to get back to the work of his prime, and to remember that the poet and the psychologist in him often gave place to the thinker of social and ethical ideals; too often, indeed, to the preacher, in an age like his, clamant with preaching. A strand of music, thin but organic, links on to his Mazzinian idealism in his own favourite novel, *Beauchamp's Career*. For though the hero himself is impervious to sweet sound, his Radical friend and mentor, the ill-used Dr. Shrapnel, adores it. This devotion, if only slightly worked into the scheme of his character, helps to humanise the old fanatic, who, between his harangues against capital and aristocracy, listens to the playing of his young ward, Jenny Denham. (To what music does he listen? Once, to a whole Mass of Mozart—quite probably a member of the forged tribe—played as a pianoforte solo! Such things could happen two generations ago.) One sunny evening, in conversation with Jenny and with Rosamund Culling, Shrapnel launches out into an elaborate musico-political parallel :

I am a fire-worshipper, ma'am. . . . The God of day is the father of poetry, medicine, music: our best friend. See him there! My Jenny will spin a thread from us to him over the millions of miles, with one touch of the chords. . . . Ay! on her wretched tinkler called piano, which tries at the whole orchestra and murders every instrument in the attempt. But it's convenient, like our modern civilisation—a taming and a diminishing of individuals for an insipid harmony! . . . You build a cathedral of sound in the organ. . . . You subject the winds to serve you: that's a gain. You do actually accomplish a resonant imitation of the various instruments; they sing out as your two hands command them. . . . Say that an organ is a despotism, just as your piano is the Constitutional bourgeois. Match them with the trained orchestral band of skilled individual performers . . . where each grasps his instrument, and each relies on his fellow with confidence, and an unrivalled concord comes of it. That is our republic: each one to his work; all in union! . . . Then you have music, harmony, the highest, fullest, finest! . . . Then for the difference of real instruments from clever shams! Oh, ay, one will set your organ going. . . . But free mouths blowing into brass and wood, ma'am, beat your bellows and your

whifflers. . . . Beat them? There's no contest: we're in another world; we're in the sun's world—yonder!

The element of Hyde Park oratory in all this only concerns us in so far as it is lyrical. To Phœbus Apollo, a favourite deity of Meredith, we shall return. Meanwhile, the musical parallel is striking, and, with all its roughness, in its main lines just. Rather by wrong usage, of course, than of its own nature is the bourgeois piano the base imitator and makeshift it is here alleged to be. The organ, truly a despotism, under which control is gained at the cost of much tonal life and beauty, must certainly yield to the democratic orchestra; and this even though Shrapnel, in his enthusiasm, forgets the conductor. For the 'free mouths' and other agencies of the orchestra bring to the musical whole the true life and play and colour of different instruments; to some extent even when the conductor is in fact a despot; to a greater extent when he is what he should be—the orchestra's collective, personified creating mind.

From political tirade in musical figures the next step may well be to an idea several times used by Meredith on planes varying from the æsthetic to the ethical. We may call it his conception of 'mastered discord.' The more obvious uses of the notion of dissonance are of course common in writers with ears less keen than his. 'Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?' asks Browning in a poem we all know. Meredith does not spend time on such simple conceptions. A sentence from *Beauchamp* runs: 'Dark-eyed Renée was not beauty but attraction; she touched the double chords within us which are we know not whether harmony or discord, but a divine discord if an uncertified harmony, memorable beyond plain sweetness or majesty.' Let us not enquire too precisely what double chords may be; let the author say, if he will, that Renée was not beauty. Here, all the same, is the adumbration of a more mysterious, a more poignant ideal of feminine beauty than the common one. What may seem its discords are felt to be 'divine'; so are its 'uncertified' harmonies, for they are the same things. The discords have in fact been mastered; they become intelligible terms in a richer æsthetic language. A sound notion in music this; one suggesting that with more patience, and more time for opera than he had, Meredith might have enjoyed late Wagner after all. The idea recurs in the late poem 'With the Persuader,' applied, in a series of other apt figures taken from the art, to the conception that in the life of love there are discords to be mastered, to be wrought intelligibly into a musical language transcending that of

notes. The picture is one of couples dancing under the sway of the Love-goddess :

They play the music made of two:
Oldest of earth, earth's youngest till earth's end:
Cunninger than the numbered strings
For melodies, for harmonies,
For mastered discords, and the things
Not vocable, whose mysteries
Are inmost Love's, Life's reach of Life extend.

Beneath the author's keen yet chivalrous insight into female character, and beneath his understanding of love, there lay that early mistake of which his whole creative career may be called in a sense an expiation. The youthful marriage, the faults of temper, the rawness of temperament on both sides, the final bitter calamity—not much mastering of discords here! Significantly, then, the sonnet 'Promise in Disturbance,' set before *Modern Love*—his poetic projection of that calamity—is built on this very figure of discord. And as he develops it, his quenchless optimism grasps at a hope unrealised by himself and Mary Ellen Nicolls, and beyond the reach of the tortured lovers in his great poem. Surely, implanted in life itself, there is a discord-mastering power :

In labour of the trouble at its fount,
Leads life to an intelligible Lord
The rebel discords up the sacred mount.

Tortured writing, judged by the standards of the highest poetry. Meredith's own Comic Spirit must have laughed when in 'The Empty Purse,' one of his most crabbed things, the poet propounded, as a test for every fertile thought which is to be given forth to mankind, the question : 'Is it accepted of Song?' Nevertheless, at this point in our enquiry, Meredith the singer comes within hail. We have traced the use of musical imagery in his drawing of character, and in his working-out of some favourite political and ethical ideas. It should soon become clear that very rarely does music make his writing crabbed or tortured. The burden of thought that would be poetry must be allowed gradually to loosen itself from the singer's back, until nothing is left but song, or, it may be, description as pure and flowing as song itself.

'The God of day is the father of poetry, medicine, music,' Dr. Shrapnel declared. With other doctors of the sun-myth school, he made too sure of it. Such a Phœbus Apollo is a late Greek notion, not commonly accepted until the Roman period. But Meredith prized the idea; he spreads it over the first fifty lines of that astonishing experiment, his poem of 'Phaethon,' with a splendour at some moments only intended, at others authentically there. 'Phœbus with Admetus' displays the idea less clearly than does 'Melampus,' a

wonderful re-creation of the myth of the man to whom Phœbus revealed his secrets—the arts of healing and of prophecy; divination of the language of birds; the knowledge that song is a principle pervading Nature :

In stately order, evolved of sound into sight,
From sight to sound intershifting, the man descried
The growths of earth, his adored, like day out of night
Ascend in song, seeing nature and song allied.

Phœbus taught him more : that not only from Nature, but from Wisdom itself, music was inseparable :

And Measure, mood of the lyre, the rapturous lyre,
He said was Wisdom, and struck him the notes to hear.

This conception, profoundly Greek, sends us back to that test of Wisdom already quoted from 'The Empty Purse': 'Is it accepted of Song?' Significantly, this question is propounded and developed in the most lucid stretch of a poem which for measure, clarity, or shapeliness stands at the opposite pole from Greek. Meredith cherished, then, all through his long career, a peculiar reverence for song, whether poetic or musical, as also for singers. 'Nature is my God, and I trust in her,' he said once with a disarming simplicity; song he held to be in some mysterious way at the root of Nature, and of Wisdom too. There was nothing strained about this intuitive belief, whatever might happen to the expression of it; Mr. Chesterton may quite possibly have been right when he said that no one outside a few of the great Greeks has ever taken Nature so naturally as Meredith did.

What of him, then, in his august vocation of singer? Only at brief moments, as in that 'Dirge in Woods' which has justly been ranked near to Goethe, does he achieve perfect song. So many things in him rise up constantly to smother it: preaching, temper, wilful oddity, uncouthness of utterance, a darting brain that outstrips his purely poetic faculty. He listens more readily than he sings. A poet must sing of something; we have done, as far as may be, with this poet's intellectual side; let us recall, then, a few instances of his superb sense of hearing, and of his superb faculty of putting his impressions of sound into words. A rainstorm bursts in the middle of *The Egoist*, bursts into its tense little world of gardens, drawing-rooms, conversation and psychology, where we live wrapped up in the minds of a few people. The storm is no 'property'; it is a symbol; it is Meredith's Nature claiming her rights; obviously in this storm Clara must make her best bid for freedom. And did ever rain sound wetter? 'A thick robe of it swept from hill to hill; thunder rumbled remote, and between the ruffled roars the downpour pressed on the land with a great noise of eager gobbling. . . .' Soon we hear

of 'the hurrahings of the stubborn hedge at wrestle with the flaws,' and we want to hurrah too. The relief, the exultation are indeascribable. In the poem 'Hard Weather,' the opening battery of sound-impressions of a 'virago morn' is summed up in one unforgettable line

And drums the distant, pipes the near
with two musical metaphors in it. Think of the onset of the 'Napoleon' ode, with its swelling cannonade of sound and rhythm; think of that comic nightmare, the midnight bell at Rovio, in *Diana*; or for a final contrast, of the sentence which crowns the candid unforced beauty of the scene in *Evan Harrington* where, by the stream in the moonlit garden of Beckley Court, Evan tells Rose Jocelyn of his love: 'Not a chirp was heard, nor anything save the cool and endless carol of the happy waters, whose voices are the spirits of silence.'

Done with such magic, the recording of sound tends constantly towards lyricism; description hovers on the borders of song. From end to end, in *Feverel*, 'A Diversion played on a Penny Whistle' calls out for metre and rhyme. Love is at the centre of its many folds of enchantment, but song, too, wells up freely; in its language musical terms abound. We attempt for a moment to resolve the chapter into its elements. Phœbus Apollo is there; not yet, in this early novel, with the full panoply of attributes he has in Meredith's Hellenics, yet already august. 'The sun is coming down to earth, and walks the fields and waters. . . . Descend, great Radiance! embrace creation with beneficent fire, and pass from us!' The woodland scene that frames Richard and Lucy is sketched; but for Meredith's eye, a still more wonderful organ, perhaps, than his ear, we have no room. 'On the skirts of the woodland, a sheep-boy pipes to meditative eve on a penny-whistle.' We suspect this sheep-boy, this comic chorus, this player of an antimasque to the gracious masque of the lovers. Can he be Pan, the Goatfoot God with the reed, of whom the author was to write in 'The Day of the Daughter of Hades'? He stands, at any rate, for the curious undertone of playfulness heard through the lyric eloquence of this chapter, also for the sheer divine simplicity of the loves of Richard and Lucy. This Meredith champions against sophistication in a little flood of musical metaphor: 'To gentlemen and ladies he (Love) fine-draws upon the viol, ravishingly; or blows into the mellow bassoon; or rouses the heroic ardours of the trumpet; or, it may be, commands the whole Orchestra for them. . . . They languish, and taste

ecstacy : but it is, however sonorous, an earthly concert. For them the spheres move not to two notes.'

In this lyrical chapter, which for its peculiar excellencies the author never surpassed, one other element, just on music's borders, remains to be noted. 'The night-jar spins his dark monotony on the branch of the pine.' Merédith can at his happiest set down with a marvellous rightness the quality of the song of birds. His nightingale, like that of many another poet, is to be sure a creature partly literary, partly of first-hand impression. In his ballad of 'The Young Princess' (nearer than usual to Rossetti) the nightingales come from Provence; an apostrophe to the bird in *Farina* he attributes to 'the old minstrels and minnesingers.' 'Hold on thy cherished four long notes'—thus he would have us believe they adjure it; they say much more, singularly unlike anything we know of Walther von der Vogelweide or his compeers. Yet the four long notes, and the mysterious fifth, often imitated (they are the 'tio, tio, tio, tio, tix' of Aristophanes) seem to have slept in the poet's mind, from the days of this crude early apostrophe, until, quite late in his career, they awoke magically in the 'Night of frost in May.' A marvellous impression, this poem, of a 'plumed and armoured night,' when 'Seasons, as with cymbals, clashed.' A prelude of chuckle and warble, and then

Unnumbered throats
Flung upward at a fountain's pitch,
The fervour of the four long notes,
That on the fountain's pool subside,
Exult and ruffle and upspring :
Endless the crossing multiplied
Of silver and of golden string.
There chimed a bubbled underbrew
With witch-wild spray of vocal dew.

At such orchestration of sounds in words criticism can only stand and wonder. But 'The Lark Ascending' is of course Merédith's supreme study in bird-song; fresher, more spontaneous, less prone to preciosity than our last example. As a sheer feat in the rendering of sound it is miraculous; all through it we hear the bird singing, in this long silvery 'jet' of words, with its ripples and its eddies, its sparkling flow just clouded a little near the end by reflection. Description of song, if you will, rather than song itself; we suppose, without enthusiasm, that Shelley's 'Skylark' is a greater lyric. But Shelley smothers his bird in imagery; we can hardly see it or hear it. We try to believe that 'earth and air are loud' with its voice; of his

bird Meredith need not tell us that. Or if he does, it merely helps to drive home the poem's main idea :

For singing till his heaven fills,
'Tis love of earth that he instils,
And ever winging up and up,
Our valley is his golden cup,
And he the wine which overflows
To lift us with him as he goes.

He is a symbol of the joyous sounds and sights of earth ; in his voice they rise in its praise ; he is the minstrel of that Nature-worship which was the poet's religion.

Yet to describe song, even with such exultation as this, is a lesser feat than to sing greatly. As he grew older, Meredith seems to have brooded more on the ultimate mystery of sound. Wind strikes on the lyre ; the ' chirp of Ariel ' is heard overhead ; who knows why it should affect us as it does ? Who knows, in the last analysis, what it means ?

Whether note of joy or knell,
Not his own Father-singer knew ;
Nor yet can any mortal tell.

Shakespeare could scarcely have told us whether ' Full fathom five ' was sad or joyous ; Beethoven, faced with some of his own divinest passages, might have been equally at a loss. The song-instinct, persisting in Meredith long after his prose task was done, worked itself, just now and then, more free than ever from his hardening mannerism, his tortured preaching in verse. Once the ultimate mystery of sound spoke to him through dry sedges. Songless themselves, they made a song in him.

They have no song, the sedges dry,
And still they sing.
It is within my breast they sing,
As I pass by.

To the end the least audible sound of the Nature he worshipped awoke a response. These lines, perfect in their way, as they wheel pensively about their two rhyme-sounds, have something of the slowness and desiccation of age. But into others, written still later, there comes a wonderful freshening ; a surge, like a gentle echo of his old friend Swinburne, plays round the same pensive disposition of rhymes.

Youth in Age

Once I was part of the music I heard
On the boughs or sweet between earth and sky,
For joy of the beating of wings on high
My heart shot into the breast of the bird.

I hear it now and I see it fly
And a life in wrinkles again is stirred,
My heart shoots into the breast of the bird,
As it will for sheer love till the last long sigh.

How deep, how enduring, was his instinct for song! Here we find it animating the last poem in which he came near to perfect beauty. Drawn about Box Hill in his bath chair by his donkey, the frail old man thrilled yet to a feeling deeper and more primitive than that in the poem about the sedges. There, the sounds of Nature are in him; here, his heart goes out to them. To Music, a power implanted in Nature, as well as an art adorned by man, his heart had gone out all his life. On his quest he had found Emilia, and Pericles, and Victor and Nesta Radnor. Music had helped him to describe the life of love, to put into wonderful language the sounds of the world about him. Always his friend, she had enriched the material of his art, and smoothed the rough places of his utterance.

W. WRIGHT ROBERTS.

RHYTHMICS AND PIANOFORTE IMPROVISATION

In music schools it is somewhat strange that the study of improvisation is not imposed on the pupils. This seems to me to be a grave mistake and I think it worth while to reply categorically to those who, for various reasons, are against the teaching of this important branch of musical education.

Certain musicians claim that the study of improvisation encourages eccentricity of mind, incoherence and hypersensitiveness, irregularity and disregard of style. This is not the case. On the contrary, improvisation, practised as an art and a science, is based upon all the traditional rules of harmony and composition; its function is to develop *rapidity of decision and interpretation*, effortless concentration, the immediate conception of plans, and to set up *direct communications* between the soul that feels, the brain that imagines and co-ordinates, and the fingers, arms and hands that interpret; and all this, thanks to the education of the nervous sensibility which unites into one organic whole all particular sensibilities—whether auditory, muscular or constructive faculties—in time, energy and space.

The teaching of the piano is greatly facilitated by that of improvisation. The obligation imposed on the improviser rapidly to link together rhythms and harmonies, to assimilate in the shortest possible time the combinations of time-lengths, to foresee and prepare pauses and repetitions, gives piano-playing a certain clearness and assurance, order and style. And these qualities will be strengthened if the teacher of improvisation bases his instruction on rhythmic experience, on the study of the direct relations between cerebral commands and muscular interpretations. The pianist uses the keyboard to express his own feelings, to vivify the sounds of his personal rhythms, thus giving to his interpretations of the works of others a character of reality that is but seldom revealed by performances based on imitation of the teacher's playing or on traditional suggestions. We may thus ascertain that the best artists in all domains are those capable of imagining and creating, of effecting something personal. Now, there are but few piano teachers who, in their lessons to children, precede their purely tactile studies by exercises intended to develop their pupils' musical sense generally and arouse in them the desire to express their feelings on the keyboard, i.e., to transform their

feelings into sensations. Every artistic act is the externalising of an inner or æsthetic feeling and the educator should constantly endeavour to awaken his pupils' feelings and induce the craving to express them —to give them form.

It is a great mistake to think that a man becomes capable of creative work only after he has finished studying. Did not Anton Bruckner, my master, declare in class that a musician should not risk composing until he had attained the age of forty-five, the age at which he himself began to compose! Manifestly he had never been privileged to undertake the musical education of children or to attempt to discover whether their powers of sensibility and imagination might not be developed from earliest infancy. Now, experience has proved to me that children *love improvising* on the piano, thus proving that they are able to do it. We are surprised to note that their melodic and rhythmic inventiveness is far more original and spontaneous than that of adolescents. Their entirely fresh mentality has not yet been chained by arbitrary rules. The child is capable of creating, simply because his brain is untrammelled. And this is also why the adult creator reveals the whole of his individuality only when he has succeeded in forgetting rules and his brain *has once more become free*.

Improvisation is the immediate expression of one's thoughts as rapidly as they present themselves and unfold in the mind. Occasionally—rather frequently—it happens that a rapid interpreter of expression betrays the thought; this is no reason for abjuring his services for ever. A slower interpreter may also be mistaken. Some people can express their thoughts exactly only in words, others only in writing. Shall we say, in depreciation of the former, that they improvise, because their words follow their thought without loss of time? Or that the vivacity and spontaneity of expression that constitute the quality of improvisation affect the thought harmfully and that the slowness of writing alone more completely enhances this thought? It would really seem that the result alone matters and that the exactness of the transmissions of feelings and ideas has nothing to do with the time.

Very well, it is the same in the domain of music. Some musicians are able to compose only when seated at a table, halting, pen in hand, to follow out their idea, consult their plan, read again and again what they have written before continuing, change some tune or refrain. Whilst such a composer is jotting down new notes, he may forget the previous ones, become side-tracked and compelled to retrace his steps, and then, when again on the track, to reach finally some

goal far removed from the one he was pursuing. And yet, when he attacks some new work, he will again seat himself at the same table and once more make use of writing as the direct agent of his creation.

The fact is that he has been taught to compose slowly and that only a work which has undergone a lengthy preparation will deceive the professional analyst who is wont to regard rapidity of composition as a sign of levity and looks upon improvisation as an inferior form of creation. Now, rapidity of creation does not mean levity of creation; meditation may last only a few moments and yet be as profound as meditation extending over a prolonged period. It is possible to conceive a definite plan as clearly in a few hours or even minutes as in several days of persevering reflection. Doubtless some promptings are evil, but others are good. The one created by the necessity of proceeding without a break to the end of a task frequently shows with amazing clearness the best path to pursue, giving the performer the right *tempo* and changes of movement as well as the most natural course of dynamic forces. A few years ago, in London, Eugène Ysaye told me that he was at last finding time to work at perfecting his technique. When alone, his playing of difficult passages was often only approximately correct. Once before the public, however, and accompanied by the orchestra, he felt himself caught up in a kind of trance which enabled him to play correctly the most difficult runs.

It is in the same state of excited stimulation that certain orators improvise speeches of the utmost eloquence and originality, though, once transferred to paper, they no longer thrill with the same life. And this is why it also happens that impulsive interpreters of the 'Comœdia dell'Arte' can show their powers of invention only in theatrical fashion and when before the public.

It is possible to compose by clearly following even a complicated plan and not losing sight of one's object for a moment, without there being any necessity to stop for reflection, for consultation or for recuperation. The one thing important is that the work should be well balanced, that its execution should have a clearly established goal, that it should distinctly expound the author's idea and fully express his thought. And if the work is of this kind, satisfying both to the mind and to the instinct of the listener, it should matter but little to this latter whether it was composed joyfully, in a single night (like the overture of 'The Marriage of Figaro') or in five years of struggle and anguish, like so many purely technical creations. No; time has nothing to do with the matter.

Unfortunately the term 'musical improvisation' is nowadays used only in the sense of something hastily composed, devoid of solid construction or established plan, without any judicious choice in

the use of harmony or coherence in development. The worst of this erroneous conception is that almost all journalists are accustomed to describe a work badly constructed and lacking originality as 'resembling an improvisation.' Let it be said in passing that frequently an erroneous interpretation of certain terms, characterising and referring to something else, condemns and discredits the thing itself, whereas criticism ought to be levelled only against the terms chosen to characterise it. Now many critics, for instance, assert that the use of 'unequal' *tempi* cuts up the style of a musical work, making it faltering and jolting, and this is entirely because of the term *unequal*, which gives the idea of unbalance. And yet, on reflection, every clear-thinking person should recognise that it is not the fact of constructing with elements of different value that can unbalance a work, but solely the fact of not being able to link together these elements in such a way, owing to the laws of gravity and contrast, as to secure unity of rhythm. It very frequently happens that folk songs are taken at unequal *tempi*, and even more frequently the bar-times are unequal, without the slightest sense of irregularity being experienced by the listeners.

The reason why improvisation is neglected in these days would seem to be because young musicians like to reach their goal as speedily as possible and specialise so completely (with the complicity of the instruction programme) that they are able to leave the conservatoire with a diploma for virtuosity without having received a general musical education.

In the Middle Ages, improvisation was practised by all musicians. The most famous troubadours and minnesingers were improvisers. Improvisation was the rule in musical colleges; Porpora even made it obligatory for singers. The cadences of concertos were improvised and it is related that Beethoven, when playing one of his concertos at a party, rose after finishing his cadence and offered his seat to Clementi, who was present, with the request that he should improvise in his turn. Handel and Bach were marvellous improvisers, as were their predecessors, Reinken (Buxtehude's master), Buxtehude himself, J. S. Bach, Frescobaldi, Scarlatti, etc.

In more recent times, did not Brückner, St. Saëns, César Franck, etc., in their improvisations give evidence of qualities occasionally superior to those that appear in their written compositions? Besides, is it not natural that inspiration flows with greater regularity and power when it has no opposition to encounter? Is not the rigidity of established musical forms, of traditional rules of harmony and counterpoint, likely to thwart the natural stream of thought, to

diminish the power of natural impulses? Forkel, in his *Vie de J. S. Bach*, tells us that 'the organ compositions of J. S. Bach are overwhelmingly great, but his improvisations on this instrument were even more fervent and solemn, soothing and sublime; his thoughts had not then been blunted by the arduous task of transcription.' Sometimes he acknowledged that, in setting down his thoughts on paper, he could not recapture the full flush of his first inspiration. Was not his splendid '*Offrande musicale*' a focused transcription of an improvisation in the hearing of his sovereign? These examples, chosen from a great number, prove that the immediate and spontaneous execution of a musical thought is not inferior to an execution that lags because of writing processes and focusing considerations.

Naturally there are many skilful improvisers whose temporary productions are of but secondary interest from the constructive point of view, reveal no personal lyric qualities and please solely by reason of their facile and brilliant execution. But it is the same with certain musical writers, who are as likely as the improvisers to delight in the same forms and to compose in series. But while a good improviser is not necessarily a good composer, it also happens that a good composer may not be able to improvise; to me this seems a pity, it appears to constitute an inferiority. Indeed, music is a language, and all language should be capable of revealing thought in all its shades at the right moment; in the immediate future if it can wait, at the present moment if it is eager to be communicated in all its freshness. Thus it is clear that the education of the musician comprises the development of the powers of spiritual and tactile impetus necessary for rapid musical creation.

This education will also include the development of the powers of imagination. The reason that many musicians are unable to improvise is, from earliest infancy, because of an exclusive study of the piano or of some other instrument, their sensibility has been diminished and their imagination dried up by an insistence upon conventional exercises that bear no relation whatsoever to musicality. This latter calls for various qualities: a keen receptivity of sounds and rhythms, the sense of metre and of tone-shade. All these qualities may be developed, the auditory sense as well as those of order, dynamic force and rhythm, and that in proportions mostly unsuspected. But the education of the sensibility and the imagination should be begun as early as possible.

Let it not be forgotten that, in former days, scarcely any entered upon a musical career or thought of seriously studying an instrument except those favoured by nature, if not with transcendent gifts, at all

events with a good ear and a natural capacity for distinguishing various shades of sound. The study of the rules of harmony and counterpoint was based upon the instinct which made more effective the control of the intellect and the co-operation of the powers of analysis, and also more easy the assimilation of the methods of tactile interpretation. At the present time, when music has become a democratic art and many children and young people study the piano without having any special aptitude for it, instrumental studies must be preceded by an education that tends to strengthen the faculty of hearing, to awaken the love of musical sounds and curiosity regarding their various effects, and to enable the musician, in his creative or interpretative work, to benefit by the state of intense vibration created in musicians by the countless nuances of the rhythms. Only when the temperament has been aroused and vivified will any attempt be made to complete the education by musical instruction.

It is a fact that instrumental studies begun too soon run the risk of diminishing the sensibility of certain children musically gifted by nature. The boredom occasioned by the barrenness of technical exercises and the artistic poverty of educational works imposed upon childhood, represses the instincts and destroys the imagination. Think of a child being taught to recite poetry before he can speak, or one who is taught grammar when he is just beginning to prattle. Do we not rather endeavour to awaken in him a sense of the relations between the things pointed out to him and the sensations he experiences, telling him the words which depict objects and give a name to the things perceived by the senses?

Now, above all else music is a language and, if we would teach the child to express himself musically, we must develop the sensitiveness of his ear and of his entire nervous system, the keenness of his impressions and feelings. A child is not taught the theory of swimming before being thrown into the water. It is the sense impressions that develop ideas and teach the mind to analyse them. Many teachers of the piano tell the child to move his fingers according to the rules before establishing easy contact with the music he is called upon to express. When, inquisitive regarding sound effects, the beginner allows his fingers to wander idly over the keyboard and so unconsciously prepares himself to differentiate between sounds, to prefer certain successions and superpositions of notes, to delight in listening to the various rhythms created by his strumming, he is told to stop and his hands are allowed to return to the keys for nothing more than a repetition of scales and finger exercises.

This musical education, based on involuntary actions, reminds me of the education imposed upon the unfortunate little children who

are destined to become dancers. Their parents have noticed their fondness for movement and their natural propensity for inventing dances when listening to music, and they draw the conclusion that this may constitute a career for the little one! Then they hand over the child to a dancing school. There, attention is paid to bodily education, the children's limbs become more supple, their saltatory abilities are developed, they are given a number of directions for moving their arms harmoniously, for pretending to be graceful and even sometimes emotional. But no one troubles to develop either their sensibility, their musical talent or their imagination. 'I do not wish to control a body of sensitive and artistic *danseuses*,' M. Staats, ballet master of the Opéra, once said to me. 'I need girls without personality, but supple and obedient. They should be marionettes, whilst I pull the strings.'

Choreographic studies are really carried on along these lines. Consisting of a series of imitations, they certainly do not induce the pupils to move in accordance with the rhythmic directions and the nuances of the music, nor do they initiate them into the art of improvisation. They teach dancers to move in correct time but altogether fail to enable them to follow the nuances of note-value and dynamic effect, to pass from one *tempo* to another, to dance *rubato*, i.e., to link together with adequate suppleness all the changes of movement. Of course, certain exceptional persons are capable of improvising steps by following the music, but assuredly it is not the school that has taught them.

Is it not astonishing that in educational establishments young people are taught to improvise a speech, to parry and thrust, to find unhesitatingly the right words for the oral interpretation of an idea and its developments, whereas in music schools nothing is done to teach pupils the way to compose a musical speech, to express off-hand on the keyboard the music that thrills the soul of every good musician? The power of improvising is supposed to be a gift, a power that cannot be developed, much less brought to birth, by special studies. This is manifestly an error. Countless experiments enable me to assert that any child sufficiently musical to profit by pianoforte instruction is capable of improvising. His little fingers love to seek musical combinations; it is with touching interest that he is seen trying to find a song and to support it with the right chords. Parents do not suspect that these clumsy attempts bring the child into more direct contact with music and awaken his sense of touch more quickly than does the laborious study of certain traditional methods. And the piano teacher has everything to gain by encouraging the first faint

efforts of the tiniest children. Thus will he make his instruction more pleasant and effective. It is the child's joy to create. 'Do you like my music, monsieur,' said a tiny boy as he played for me a few bars of his own composing, 'I like it very much indeed, because I made it up myself!'

It is easy for a music master who loves and understands children to guide their groping fingers by inventing games which summarise the laws of song and rhythm; the fingers wander over the keys, now slowly like heavy wagons, now swift like motor-cars; they strike the keyboard like hammers, they leap over certain notes as, in a shower of rain, people leap over pools of water, they skip about like sparrows and climb upon the black keys as though they were stools.

The little ones close their eyes, leaving their fingers to their own devices; they strike one key, then two, then three, producing the rhythm of a well-known song; they imitate the *echo* by imitating in succession one or more notes loudly and softly. They speed up or slow down the thesis to imitate the train that is starting or the one preparing to halt at a station. They imagine dialogues between the right hand and the left, sometimes both of them speaking at once. They imitate the twittering of birds on the top notes, and on the bottom ones the growlings of wild beasts. Then follow games of skill, leaps and pursuits, sudden halts when the policeman appears. Little fingers can do so many things. All the peculiarities of the language of music may be treated as games, and when the child's mind has become aware that fingers, hand and arm have a life of their own—a life as opulent as their fortunate possessor—that both will and imagination have been awakened, the master may attempt to give explanations, to indicate certain laws and exact a certain discipline. The child will be anything but bored—on the contrary! For, no sooner is childish curiosity revived, with the asking of countless questions and with *amour-propre* coming into play, than the little improviser will call upon his fingers for ever-increasing efforts, his mind will picture forth new melodies and harmonic groupings. . . . I recommend to teachers a little treatise on improvisation by a pupil of mine, Fraulein Anna Epping, who succeeds amazingly in developing the gifts of invention and rapid interpretation in her own pupils.⁽¹⁾

Both adolescents and adults, however, may also learn to improvise.

⁽¹⁾ *Einführung in die Improvisation am Klavier von Anna Epping*, Ed. Max Hesse, Berlin Schöneberg.

When the ear is somewhat trained, the musical sense awakened, and the movements of fingers and hands organised, there may easily be set up a relationship between their emotional and physical powers, their brain and their muscles, their auditory and their tactile senses. They will very soon learn to build up and connect chords, to compose tunes in every key, to make them rhythmic and harmonious. Improvisation will give them considerable facility in analysing works, in rapidly grasping the beat and mentally experiencing their dynamic force. They will become good sight-readers and their musical organisation will be more naturally regulated, more complete and rich in immediate achievements. In the programme of the improvisation classes that I recommend appear the following subjects for study:

1. Exercises in muscular contraction and relaxation; a study of the various brachial mechanisms in space, energy and time.
2. Metrical division, subdivisions of time-lengths, regular and irregular accentuations.
3. Metrical memorisation.
4. Rapid conception of beat both by sight and by hearing.
5. Study of rhythms in space by muscular sense.
6. Application to piano playing of exercises in spontaneous will and inhibition (change of rhythm, key and harmony, transpositions, variations of speed, alternation of nuance).
7. Exercises in concentration. Interior audition.
8. Associations between movements of hand and of voice.
9. Exercises for the acquiring of numerous automatic powers and for their combination and alternation with acts of spontaneous volition.
10. Study of agogic tone-shades, of syncopations and other rhythms.
11. Exercises in dissociated movements.
12. Study of anacrustes, pauses and phrasing.
13. Movements taken at double or treble the pace.
14. Counterpoint, poly-rhythmy, poly-dynamics.
15. Emotional emphasis, nuances, laws of expression.
16. Notation, sight-reading, transcription of plastic rhythms into musical ones.
17. Improvisation with four hands and two pianos, etc.

To make a pianist a good improviser, his *attention* must be developed, his powers of adaptation and variability—what Professor Forel calls '*intelligence plastique*'—the outcome of the individual memory and of its impressions in the brain. There must also be developed the automatic powers of the instinct, the product of countless repetitions of our sensations and feelings. The pianist must reach the stage at which he plays without concerning himself about the way in which he plays, just as the child walks without counting his steps or exercising conscious control over feet, knees or thighs. The efficient teacher should unload the pupil's mind of all the pedantic instruction which traditionalists repeat again and again,

uprooting all the prejudices acquired from our surroundings. He will endeavour to produce in the young musician a simultaneity of conscious and unconscious actions, to facilitate an exchange between the two, to establish rapid conjunctions between the powers of will and reaction, of imagination and analysis, of achievement and creation.

E. JAQUES-DALCROZE.
trans. F. ROTHWELL.

THE PROBLEM OF 'DON GIOVANNI'

WHEN the second act of Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' was broadcast from the Residenztheater in Munich last July, one was not surprised to find that the duet for Zerlina and Leporello, 'Per queste tue manine,' was omitted according to the universal practice. On the other hand one was considerably pained to find that Donna Elvira's 'Mi tradì quell' alma ingrata' was also cut, though two other numbers usually discarded, the Don's 'Metà di voi qua radano' and Leporello's 'Ah pietà, signori miei,' were retained. It may have been, of course, that 'Mi tradì' was sung somewhere in the first act, as is frequently done in this country, where a place is sometimes found for it immediately after Leporello's catalogue air, and therefore much too near Elvira's 'Ah, qui mi dice mai?' But that would have been only less reprehensible than its omission, which seems to me indefensible.

It is true that 'Mi tradì,' like several other numbers, was not in the original version of the opera, and also, as Professor Dent has pointed out, that it is very much in the nature of Mozart's concert arias and therefore musically, as well as dramatically, somewhat out of place wherever one may try to fit it into the plot. But the question is surely whether we care to miss so perfect a number, and the answer, no less surely, that we do not. To me its exclusion is as painful, artistically speaking, as an operation without anaesthetic would be physically, while to justify it by the mere fact that it was an afterthought, and not even a spontaneous one, since it was written to oblige Signora Cavalieri, appears to me to be the height of pedantry. More than that, it is bad reasoning, since, if we are to omit one fine number because it was commissioned, we must logically bury the whole glorious opera, which was written to an order from the Prague Theatre.

It must be admitted that this futile excuse is not often made. The usual one is that the opera is much too long unless something is cut. Now this is unfortunately true; but it is no less so that the cutting is done in the wrong place. For the sake of making clear to the spectator a story which he is almost sure to know and can certainly get to know quite easily, vast quantities of *recitativo secco* or dialogue are retained, though they are far less necessary to a satisfactory

performance than any of the musical numbers, with the single possible exception of the duet for Zerlina and Leporello, where Mozart dismissed the opportunity of two singers by stringing a few empty formulas together as fast as he could write them down. There is no reason at all why the passages of recitative or dialogue connecting the numbers should not be curtailed so drastically that they just establish the musical connection while preserving a thread of story; the rest can go and will never be missed. Even those to whom the plot is thus no longer understandable will not mind, being fully accustomed to this sort of perplexity in opera. Moreover, they should be easily consoled for their grievance by Mozart's music. If they are not, they have so little feeling for a great work that they may as well stay away in any case.

The musical numbers as I time them take 65-70 minutes for each act without a single cut. This, with an interval of twenty minutes between the two acts, gives us, say, two hours and forty minutes and allows for only another twenty minutes of recitative or dialogue if the work is to be got through in three hours. This is still a lengthy performance; but then we have to accept the fact that 'Don Giovanni' is a long opera, just as we accept the other that it is a supremely great opera on which we may well spend much time, provided that most of what we hear is its great music, not talk or dry recitative. The question now is, can the work be given in three hours even with very substantial cuts in the connecting passages? For there is, of course, the problem of the frequent changes of scene to be considered. I shall come to that in a moment, but would first touch upon the choice between dialogue and recitative.

Although dialogue is somewhat swifter and will save a little time, recitative is artistically much to be preferred. The periodical dropping of the music to a lower level without ceasing altogether to be music and then suddenly lifting itself up again to the higher plane of organised sound is one of the great fascinations of Mozartian opera, not to be foregone without practical reasons of overwhelming urgency. The modulations from the key of one musical number to that of the next, as indispensable as the string that holds jewels together, are in no wise compensated for by a bald dropping into speech, and where the connecting passages are curtailed as much as possible, the retention of the recitatives becomes even more important, as there will scarcely be time for the ear to accustom itself to the often quite drastic plunge into a remote tonality.

Besides, Mozart makes several extremely subtle points at the very moment of passing from recitative to a musical number or *vice versa*.

The wonderful merging of one into the other in such a passage as the opening of the quartet, '*Non ti fidar*,'

Ex 1

Elvira: *par - si - do mo - si - vo!* *An - do - ti fi - dar, o - no - no - no -*

Harpsichord or Piano: *O - rech*

is grievously spoilt where speech is followed by a B flat major chord sounded without preparation in the orchestra as a cue to Elvira. This is no less true of the trio, or rather the air with two accompanying voices, '*Ah, chi mi dice mai?*' which melts into recitative at the end almost before we are aware,

Ex 2

Giovanni: *Allegro* *Si - gno - ri - na!* *Chi? U? Ad - i - che ve - do?*

Elvira: *Che!*

Orch.: *Orch.*

Musicians or Piano: *Musicians or Piano*

and so makes it plain that Mozart intended a continuous musical flow throughout the work, though he deliberately avoided keeping it always at the same pressure. Again, the alternative full close in F minor at the end of the opening number, after the death of the Commandant, is not nearly so effective as the inimitable gliding into the first inversion of the G major chord that is one of those simple but perennially astonishing strokes of which Mozart holds the secret (see Ex. 3). Consider also the way in which '*Batti, batti*' is prepared by a full close on C major, not the key of the song, which is F major. Without this preparation it is impossible to explain Mozart's starting the up-beat of the air on the dominant, i.e., a C major chord, and his definitely establishing F major only on the first down-beat. But the recitative shows the true reason for this delicious point, as it does also for the fact that Zerlina plunges straight into the song without any orchestral introduction.

I have succeeded in reducing the recitatives, without, I flatter myself, spoiling their stylistically proper progressions or their logical continuity, to thirteen minutes for the first act and twelve minutes

for the second, the latter without the duet for Zerlina and Leporello which, if it is included, requires perhaps a minute's recitative in addition. To show in what manner the cutting can be done, I propose to set down here a few bars of the recitative connecting the first two numbers, with the cuts I have made:—

Ex. 3 *Ardente.*

Giovanni. *Lep.*

Orc. *pp*

Giov. *Lep.* *Lep.* *Giov.*

qui per me des-grazi-ai; ne - iE *Son qua l'm here* *qui per te* *qui do -*

man-de, da ba-stia! il mi-chi *Bra - vi!* *doe in - fum - re leg - gria - dre!* *you have quin-ly des-pach'd him!*

so you is far-ice, ah a-magger al *padre* *l'ha ra - in - to suo dian me -* *This has com-fault, the daf - and -*

etc.

It will be noticed that the Italian words in this extract are those of the original and that the English version I have ventured to add is not a literal translation. The latter is, in fact, a specimen of the kind of adaptation that will have to be made throughout the work to fit the shortened recitatives without breaking the continuity and intelligibility of the play altogether. It is, the reader may be assured, easy enough to make this kind of adjustment, and I intend to do it one day for a special edition of 'Don Giovanni' embodying all my

suggested modifications.⁽¹⁾ It will be seen, for example, that a phrase originally assigned to the Don has in the above extract been transferred to Leporello, a procedure against which not the slightest argument can possibly be advanced, Mozart making not the least differentiation between his characters in the recitatives.

Two more serious objections, however, must be met here. One is that this kind of excision of separate sentences (there are, of course, many cuts of whole pages later on) often makes the harmonic changes of the accompaniment fall much more closely together than Mozart intended. To this I can only reply that, on testing my arrangements throughout the whole opera, these closer progressions have nowhere offended me in the least seriously. I grant that this is a mere matter of taste; but those who may fancy that their sense of style has been outraged may be urged to consider whether they do not prefer so slight a solecism to the monstrous malpractice of omitting several of the musical numbers, none of which, with one possible exception, are to be painlessly extracted. If there must be an operation at all costs, is it not better to remove a quantity of the morbid matter professionally known as *recitativo secco* than to amputate vital organs?

The second difficulty is more apparent than real. It may be asked what becomes of the metre of the recitatives, which Mozart invariably notes in common time, and into which my cuts, as will be seen from the specimen above, introduce utter confusion. This may be countered quite reasonably, I think, by the assertion that the metre of the recitatives exists only on paper and completely disappears in performance, where one is never conscious of first-beat accents or other audible metrical divisions—where in fact one *should not* be conscious of anything of the kind. There is no fixed metre in *recitativo secco* any more than there is fixed pace, and it therefore does not matter how the time values of the accompanying chords are altered, as they will have to be according to the progress of the vocal lines. (In the last bar quoted above, for instance, the dotted minim chord would take on the value of plain minims; but then again, the rests in the vocal parts are never rigidly observed by the singers.)

We have now arrived at a complete performance (if the duet in the second act, the only dispensable number, is included) lasting about a hundred and sixty minutes, exclusive of interval, or exactly three hours with an interval of twenty minutes. But it will be objected that this allows no time for any changes of scenery, and we all know

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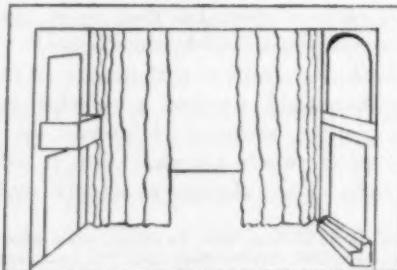
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what they mean in the average 'Don Giovanni' performance. At Covent Garden—if one may call that average—the public is kept waiting quite unscrupulously for ten minutes or so several times during the evening, the last wait but one being merely for a change of scene to some nondescript place or another in which Donna Anna may address Don Ottavio with '*Non mi dir*', not to mention the crowning grievance that the stage set so impatiently waited for is not even worth looking at. The result of such a procedure, needless to say, is not only an interminable performance (even with very liberal cuts), but a tearing of the whole work to shreds. '*Non mi dir*' in particular assumes the air of an irrelevant concert aria, so that, for all its poignant loveliness, one is almost forced under such conditions to subscribe to Berlioz's condemnation of it, which a rational performance easily reduces to nonsense.

Well, if we cannot allow time for changes of scenery, we must take care that they do not take any, or at least extremely little. I shall now show that this can be done by the simple accommodation of a kind of Elizabethan stage to a work which, like the plays of Shakespeare, the best of which it matches in its own way, does not depend for its effect on elaborate stage settings. We shall not be averse to beautiful and suggestive scenic pictures; but we shall see to it that they do not take any appreciable time to prepare, or that when they do they can be got ready while a previous scene is in progress. Beauty will have to depend largely on costume, while suggestions of environment and atmosphere are within the reach of any reasonably ingenious producer who knows the value of characteristic properties as well as of imaginative devices of lighting and decoration.

Here is a simple solution of the stage problem:—On the last chord of the overture, which leads as a half-close straight into the first number, Leporello's '*Notte e giorni faticar*', the curtain rises upon an improvised apron stage presenting something like the appearance of the rough sketch below:—



On one side (it does not matter which) is a house with a front door

and a balcony above it, on the other the entrance to a mansion up two or three steps, with a spacious loggia over the doorway. Both buildings, while they may have a Spanish look about them,⁽²⁾ must have no very distinctive characteristics, since they are to do duty for different scenes. For they remain permanently on view throughout the performance and must be practicable. Each can be illuminated by a separate set of floodlights or left in darkness, according to requirements.

Immediately behind these permanent sets opens the real stage, which has its own lighting. This stage can either be shut off by curtains or opened to show a set scene. For the last scene of each of the two acts, not counting the sextet epilogue at the end, which needless to say must at all costs be retained, the whole depth of the stage is used, with a slightly more lavish setting to correspond with the greater elaboration and opulence of the music in the finales. For all the other scenes decorative curtains are hung at various distances behind the false proscenium marked off by the apron stage. I suggest that the scene painting should confine itself to the barest essentials and not be done on the ordinary straight backcloths, but on curtains hanging in folds and drawn off sideways (with the lights down). In this way the scenic appearance will admirably fit in with the unreality of a work the formality of which is by no means its shame, but its glory. Since Wagner showed that reformed music drama, as distinct from opera, only succeeds in being unreal in a new way—and thank Heaven for that!—we may be as brazenly artificial in the presentation of a Mozart opera as we please.

It now remains for me to show how 'Don Giovanni' is to proceed on this specially arranged stage with scarcely any interruption from the sceneshifters and thus with no appreciable lengthening of the time of performance estimated above. I need hardly say that every producer will see occasion to elaborate and probably to modify this scheme, which pretends to be no more than a suggestive outline.

ACT I

Scene i: The stage suggests a courtyard in front of Donna Anna's house. The backcloth is, let us say, a wall with a row of cypresses beyond. The house with the balcony is in darkness, invisible or at least unnoticeable. A dim light (for it is night) is thrown only on the backcloth and the mansion, the loggia of which, however, is also hidden from view, being covered by a piece of canvas on which some

(2) Unless the producer has in mind an entirely fantastic presentation, or one in modern clothes. There are infinite possibilities.

other architectonic features are outlined—a window with a grille, perhaps. The reason for this concealment will appear in

Scene ii: This begins after the duet for Anna and Ottavio and, the intervening recitative being cut, goes straight to the aria (or trio) to which Donna Elvira makes her first appearance. The curtain with the wall and cypresses has been drawn, disclosing another, farther back, depicting a landscape. It is now full daylight and both houses on the apron stage are visible. That with the balcony has an inn sign temporarily attached to it and the other now shows the loggia, for it is no longer Donna Anna's house but Don Giovanni's, and must therefore present a different appearance. The business of Elvira's discovery, Leporello's catalogue air, the arrival of Masetto and Zerlina, the Don's cajolement of the latter, Elvira's warning to her, Ottavio's '*Dalla sua pace*,' the quartet, Anna's disclosure to Ottavio, the Don's '*Finch'han dal vino*,' Zerlina's '*Batti, batti*,' and the opening of the finale up to the end of the trio for Anna, Elvira and Ottavio—all this takes place in the same setting. During the progress of the scene night falls gradually.

As the curtain opens Elvira is seen arriving at the inn, which she subsequently uses for her exits and entrances, until she goes with Anna and Ottavio into Giovanni's house. The latter shows this to Zerlina during his scene with her ('*Là ci darem*') and Leporello issues his invitation to the masqueraders from the loggia. Masetto, after his '*Ho capito*,' is removed into the inn. Anna and Ottavio arrive from up stage, obliquely opposite Don Giovanni's house.

Scene iii: The landscape curtain is drawn, showing, at the full depth of the stage, a ballroom with a musicians' gallery at the back. Here the first and largest of the three orchestras—that playing the minuet—has its place. The other two bands are placed in the loggia and on the balcony on either side,⁽³⁾ the two houses being now part of the indoor architecture. The Don disappears with Zerlina through the door under the balcony. The first act finishes in this setting. At the end of it the front curtain drops, shutting off the apron stage.

ACT II

Scene i: The setting is the same as that for act I, scene ii, but it is night. Elvira sings from the balcony during the trio. The Don's serenade, the air in which he gives advice to Masetto and his companions, and the beating he gives him, all take place here. The scene closes with Zerlina's '*Vedrai, carino*'.

Scene ii: Cutting the recitative, we go straight to the sextet.

(3) If there is not enough room, they may be reinforced by a few instruments in the orchestra.

There is total darkness at first, so long as Elvira and Leporello are alone on the stage. They cannot see each other, nor can he find the door, and we know enough of the scene not to need seeing anything either. At the entry of Anna and Ottavio, with a light, we have just a glimpse of a new backcloth representing some walled-in place, but it is still dark enough for the personages to enter simply through the join of the curtain without producing an unduly absurd effect. When Zerlina arrives with Masetto, she still holds the lantern with which she discovered him in the previous scene, so that it is now light enough for Leporello to be recognised in spite of his disguise. His aria, '*Ah, pietà, Signori miei!*' follows the sextet after a very brief recitative effecting the transition from E flat major to G major. He cunningly catches hold of Ottavio's and Zerlina's lights towards the end of the air and escapes with them through the curtain, leaving the stage in total darkness again. While Elvira, Masetto and Zerlina give vent to their indignation in recitative, all but Ottavio disappear unseen, during which time the curtain with the wall and cypresses is got ready.

Scene iii: The lights go up during Ottavio's recitative and once more show Anna's house, with the loggia hidden as before. The house with the balcony is again in darkness. Ottavio sings '*Il mio tesoro*' near Anna's threshold. If the duet for Zerlina and Leporello is cut, the end of '*Il mio tesoro*' joins straight to Elvira's orchestrally accompanied recitative leading to '*Mi tradì*'. The key in both cases being B flat major, the two numbers run into each other perfectly smoothly. But if the duet, which is in C major, is sung, some recitative is required both before and after it to make the connection. In either case Anna's house is obscured immediately after '*Il mio tesoro*' and the lights simply turned on to the inn. The duet is sung in front of the inn; Elvira comes out of it to sing '*Mi tradì*'. This switching over of lights is anything but natural; but we are for the moment in a world of concert singing rather than stage action, and realism is less indicated here than ever. It might also be added that we are on a musically very high level indeed, ready to accept the slightest hint that completes illusion.

Scene iv: The churchyard, on the other hand, with the singing statue of the Commandant, cannot fail to require some less sketchy treatment. It is therefore set, as elaborately as the producer may think fit and as may be consistent with the rest of the performance, behind the apron stage, which is completely plunged into shade during this scene.

Scene v: The wall-and-cypress curtain closes on the last bar of the duet for Don Juan and Leporello (or their trio with the statue, rather),

and we again see the entrance to Anna's house, the inn being in darkness and its sign removed unnoticeably during the brief recitative for Ottavio and Anna and the latter's '*Non mi dir.*'

Scene vi: A brief pause after '*Non mi dir.*'⁽⁴⁾ during which the covering is removed from the loggia and the curtain opened. All lights are out; those illuminating the apron stage go up on the first chord of the finale and those of the real stage on the second, disclosing Don Giovanni's supper room. The musicians are seen taking their places in the loggia and on the balcony, four to each side, so as to be ready by the time they are addressed by their master. The rest of the scene proceeds in the usual manner up to the D major chords preceding the final sextet.

Scene vii: During the threefold repetition of these chords the lights on the apron stage are turned away from the permanent wings and thrown only on a plain or purely decorative curtain which is drawn across the main stage. In front of this the sextet is sung with quite formal operatic actions⁽⁵⁾ and with the moral at the end addressed to the audience from the point at which the fugal *presto* starts. The front curtain comes down with the descending scale at the end.

ERIC BLOM.

⁽⁴⁾ There may be applause to fill this, but it would be greatly to the advantage of so swiftly continuous a performance to request the audience not to applaud until the end of each act.

⁽⁵⁾ As an example of what a good producer might devise I would suggest that, if the characters have appeared in seventeenth century costume, they might in this epilogue present themselves in the dress of the late eighteenth century. That is to say, they are now the singers of the Prague Opera in 1787 who have taken off their costumes and are ready to go home, but by an afterthought come in front of the curtain to let the audience know the subsequent history of the characters and to deliver their moral. The singer of Leporello, who has very little time, may change his wig and put on a cloak in full view of the audience.

AN OUTLINE OF MAHLER

GUSTAV MAHLER is still, more than twenty years after his death, an unsolved enigma for the greater part of the musical world. His position is comparable with Berlioz's in that musicians who know his work thoroughly are divided into two camps, those who consider him a very great master and those who deny him any creative gift at all. The same sort of complete contradiction exists in Mahler's own personality. He was a Jew, with all the Jew's lack of restraint and his susceptibility to outside influences; yet he must be given a foremost place among Austrian nationalists, for no composer has been more deeply influenced by folk-music—the music of both the races that meet on the Bohemian-Moravian border where he was born and where he spent the first fifteen years of his life. His child-like, almost childish, *naïveté* of spirit was at war with a profoundly philosophical mind continually worrying at the eternal problems that trouble the soul of man. His musical style seems a thing of shreds and patches, made up of borrowings from Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms and Bruckner, and yet it is unmistakably his own. A master of the orchestra, he often seems to score with wilful perversity. One is never sure whether he is a pessimist pretending to be an optimist, a weary Faust trying to comfort himself with the illusion that, unlike Brahms, he has actually found 'den Weg zurück zum Kinderland,' or whether he is merely another Schopenhauer, quietly enjoying the pleasant things of life, while preaching a purely theoretical pessimism and enjoying a purely poetic luxury of melancholy. He indulges in irony and parody as freely as any Satie or Berners, and yet he expressly directs that the soprano soloist is to take the child's heaven of the finale of the Fourth Symphony quite seriously, *ohne Parodie*. The whole man and his music are one great paradox. We must take into account, too, his peculiar theories—that the symphonic art of the future must be 'popular' in the broadest sense of the word,⁽¹⁾ that each symphony must be 'the building up of a world,' must be long enough to occupy a whole programme, as an opera does, without the intrusion of other music, and must, like the real world, contain the

(1) Again one thinks of Berlioz and his 'Symphonie funèbre et triomphale,' of which Wagner said that, though it is 'big and noble,' 'any little street boy would understand it perfectly.' Hindemith and some of the other younger Germans seem to be following, in their own fashion, the trail blazed by Mahler.

everyday, the homely commonplace. Is it surprising that English musicians who know him only through one or two performances of five out of his ten big works (the nine symphonies and 'The Song of the Earth') a year or two ago, plus a few of his songs, have failed to understand his music?

There is another hindrance to the understanding of Mahler. He needs to be known as a whole, not piecemeal. Just as each of his symphonies, except perhaps the First, is a 'world,' so his work as a whole is a sort of planetary system of inter-related worlds. Each work matters for its own sake—and also because of its connection with another in mood or point of view, often even thematically. The First Symphony is connected with the 'Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen' (which we are beginning to know fairly well) of five years earlier; the second of the 'Lieder,' 'Ging heut Morgens übers Feld,' appears in three of the movements, and the trio of the funeral march is based on another quotation from the cycle. In the third movement of the Second Symphony there is a similar quotation of his setting of 'Die Fischpredigt des Heiligen Antonius' from 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn,' and in the next movement an alto soloist is introduced to sing another of the lyrics from Arnim and Brentano's anthology. Another of the 'Wunderhorn' songs (not in his set of twelve so-called 'Wunderhorn-Lieder,' but No. 11 of the 'Lieder aus der Jugendzeit'), 'Ablösung im Sommer,' is the basis of the third movement of the Third Symphony. The chorus (fifth movement) of the Third Symphony and the soprano solo (last movement) of the Fourth are both settings of verses about heaven from the 'Wunderhorn' and are thematically related. And so this knitting of work to work goes on. The Seventh is full of references to earlier works. The Ninth is not only connected with the 'Song of the Earth,' composed at the same time, but looks back to the Fifth Symphony and the 'Kindertotenlieder,' two other contemporaneous works written about seven years earlier. A composer who writes in this lordly way, taking it for granted that we know everything he has written previously, and at such unheavenly lengths, is asking for trouble. Many people will naturally feel that if they cannot understand a not very attractive composer without knowing the whole of him they would rather leave him alone altogether. It is for people who feel like this about Mahler that I want to offer a sort of bird's-eye view of his work as a whole, to map out the planetary system I have spoken of, so that when they come across a single 'world' they may have some understanding of its relation to the others. And I should like to do this as far as possible without obtruding my personal opinions.

In laying out this 'map' we have the authority of the composer

as regards the main outlines, the 'periods' beloved of every musical biographer since Wilhelm von Lenz. Not long before his death Mahler told Alfredo Casella that he considered his first four symphonies to constitute his 'first period' and the next four his 'second,' while he regarded the Ninth as the beginning of a third period. Mahler's friend, Guido Adler, in his monograph on the composer, accepts this classification broadly, but dates the first period of ripe creative activity from 1883, when Mahler was twenty-three, and is unable to see any fresh elements in the Ninth. Let us see how this works out.

We may neglect everything written before 1883; the young Mahler ranged over a wide field—chamber music, operas, orchestral pieces—before he found his true sphere. Of these early productions only five songs, the first book of the 'Lieder aus der Jugendzeit,' have survived. A fairy opera, 'Das Klagende Lied' (based on the familiar folk-tale of the murdered man's bone made into a flute which, when played, betrays the murderer), written about 1878-80, survives as a cantata for soloists, chorus and orchestra. But its present form dates from eighteen years later and is the result of drastic revision.

The first period proper begins, then, with the composition in 1884 of the four 'Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen,' for which Mahler wrote the words as well as the music, and the first sketches of the First Symphony. But these were not fruitful years. Mahler the composer was to the end hampered by Mahler the conductor. He had time to write only in the holidays. As his enemies sneered, he was a 'summer composer.' (And has not the same fate overtaken the later Strauss?) In the 'eighties he was still a nonentity trying to establish himself, forced to content himself with assistant-conductorships at Prague and Leipzig. From this period dates his completion of Weber's unfinished comic opera, 'The Three Pintos.' Late in 1888, just after he took up his first important post, the directorship of the Royal Opera at Budapest, he finished his First Symphony in D major. Nothing could be more typical of Mahler's mentality, for it is linked with his own work, the 'Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen,' as we have already seen, and reflects his love of nature, his affection for folk-music and his literary leanings—in this case toward the favourites he shared with Schumann, Jean Paul Richter and E. T. A. Hoffmann, particularly the former. The symphony was originally entitled 'Titan,' after the greatest of Jean Paul's novels; the second movement, a typical Austrian *Ländler*, is connected with another of Jean Paul's books, 'Siebenkäś'; while the third, 'The Hunter's Funeral Procession' (with the animals marching behind and—apparently—singing the old student canon, 'Bruder Martin, schläfst

du noch?'), was originally subtitled 'Funeral March in Callot's Style,' just as Hoffmann had called his first book (containing the 'Kreisleriana') 'Phantasiestücke in Callots Manier.' The march, the first of Mahler's experiments in the musical expression of pessimistic irony, might well have been composed by Kapellmeister Kreisler; at any rate there is far more of Hoffmann's mad musician in it than in Schumann's pleasant day-dreams. But the symphony as a whole takes its tone from the first movement, 'Spring—and no end.' There is the earliest stirring of nature before the dawn; the cuckoo calls across the fields—first of the many nature sounds Mahler loved to introduce in his works, though they are usually less definite than this; and then his 'wayfaring man' comes along, an Austrian peasant enjoying the sparkle of the early morning and quite agreeing with the finch:—

Guten Morgen! Ei du, gelt?
Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?

In the same year, 1888, Mahler came across Arnim and Brentano's famous anthology of old German folk-song poetry, 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn.'⁽²⁾ It was strange that neither his literary interests nor his love of folk-songs had led him to it before. Now, the 'Wunderhorn' poems, so belatedly discovered, went to his head and heart—and stayed there. During the next twelve years everything he wrote was closely connected with them. Indeed, someone has said that 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn' might stand as the motto to Mahler's life-work. Perhaps that is why we English fail to understand him, for the 'Wunderhorn' means nothing to us; at least, no more than 'A Shropshire Lad' to a German. The earlier 'Wunderhorn' songs (up to 1892) appeared with piano accompaniments as the second and third volumes of the 'Lieder aus der Jugendzeit'; 'Scheiden und Meiden' is probably the best known in England. Twelve others (including the contralto solo, 'Urlicht,' from the Second Symphony, and a solo version of 'Es singen drei Engel' from the Third) are grouped together as a cycle of 'Wunderhorn-Lieder' with orchestral accompaniment. 'Trost im Unglück,' the delightful 'Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?' and the 'Rheinlegendchen' all belong to this group. In addition there are two later settings, 'Revelge' and 'Der Tambourgesell,' with which the 'Wunderhorn' period closes at the turn of the century. And, as we have already seen, the Second, Third and Fourth Symphonies

⁽²⁾ Arnim and Brentano brought out their collection in three volumes (Heidelberg, 1806-8). Bettina, Arnim's wife and Brentano's sister, was that celebrated minx who apparently captivated both Beethoven and Goethe and was responsible for bringing about the meeting of the two giants in 1812.

(finished in 1894, 1896 and 1900 respectively) are all intimately connected with the 'Wunderhorn' poems.

Already with the Second Symphony (in C minor), the so-called 'Resurrection' Symphony, Mahler begins to enlarge the scope of the symphony, to 'build up worlds'; though in this case he goes no further than Beethoven had done in the Ninth, except in length. The 'world' is tragic, but the end of the symphony is optimistic. The character of the first movement gave rise to a report that it had been inspired by the death of von Bülow, and the composer acknowledged that the idea of a choral finale on Klopstock's hymn, 'Aufersteh'n, ja aufersteh'n,' came to him during the memorial service to Bülow in the Michaeliskirche in Hamburg. After the third movement, a *Ländler* which Mahler himself quaintly compared with the watching of distant dancers whose music one cannot hear, an alto soloist sings some consoling verses from the 'Wunderhorn,' in which more than one of Mahler's German admirers sees 'something naïvely moving' in the false accent on 'abweisen' (properly: 'abweisen') :—

Passionately, but tenderly

Ex. 1

And then, after a long orchestral episode, a Doomsday march in which Mahler tried to show 'the great procession of the dead, rich and poor, kings and people, the *ecclesia militans* and the Popes' (to use his own words), the chorus sing Klopstock's hymn, 'Thou shalt arise, my dust, after short rest,' to which Mahler added four stanzas of his own.

The Third Symphony in D minor is immensely long—it plays for two hours—and yet the Fourth (in G major) is so closely related to it as to seem almost a continuation. It must certainly be regarded as a sequel. In contrast with the Second, the Third was originally to have been called 'Meine fröhliche Wissenschaft'—apparently with reference to Nietzsche's book. After a huge first movement, 'Pan's awakening; the entry of Summer,' come five shorter ones originally entitled: 'What the meadow flowers tell me,' 'What the animals of

the forest tell me,' 'What Man tells me,' 'What the Angels in Heaven tell me' and 'What Eternal Love tells me.' Man's message is Nietzsche's *Midnight Song* from '*Zarathustra*', the message of Delius's '*Mass of Life*'; that of the angels is a choral setting of some naïve verses from the '*Wunderhorn*'. The finale of the Fourth Symphony really belongs to its predecessor; Mahler thought of it as 'What the Child tells me' and it is yet another vision from the '*Wunderhorn*' of a heaven which can best be described as a German version of the negro heaven of '*Green Pastures*'. The three earlier movements of the symphony are, even thematically, little more than a prelude to it. The Fourth Symphony definitely closes the '*Wunderhorn*' period.

Mahler's second period, like his first, opens with a group of songs which unmistakably point the direction for his symphonic thought. These are all settings of Rückert, the cycle of five '*Kindertotenlieder*' and five other songs, 'Ich atmet' einen linden Luft,' 'Liebst du um Schönheit,' 'Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder,' 'Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen' and 'Um Mitternacht.' All ten date from the period 1901-2, though they did not appear till three or four years later. The '*Kindertotenlieder*', by the way, have no autobiographical significance for, although Mahler actually lost his elder daughter, she did not die till 1907—indeed had not been born when these songs were written. But the tragic nature of the songs impregnates the next three symphonies—No. 5 in sharp minor (1902), No. 6 in A minor (1904) and No. 7 in E minor (1905)—particularly the Sixth, which Mahler himself called his '*Tragic*'. And just as the Fourth Symphony appears to be a gigantic foot-note to the Third, the Seventh seems to be an appendix to the Sixth. In the Seventh, too, there is a sentimental looking back, in the middle movements, to the '*Wunderhorn*' period when there were problems and contradictions just the same, it is true, but when the problems of life seemed to have a solution and when one could forget the contradictions by becoming as a child. Musically these three symphonies show a deepening, a growing complication of style. But no one, I think, finds any difficulty in understanding Mahler musically; he is far too obvious and diatonic. The difficulty lies in this very obviousness and in ignorance of the meaning of what we must call '*personal leit-motives*', such as the enigmatic alternation of major and minor triads which plays such an important part in the Sixth and Seventh Symphonies. The clue to that cryptogram is in the Third Symphony, where Mahler (like

Strauss a year or two before) had used it to underline the message of the questioning 'Zarathustra':—

These symphonies in fact are further sermons on Rückert's text, 'Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen.'

In 1897 Mahler had confessed to Arthur Seidl that when he conceived a great musical painting, he always came to a point where he was compelled to 'use words as the vehicle of the musical idea,' though Adler insists that the words are merely the accompaniment to, or commentary on, the music, not *vice versa*—a doubtful point. Now these three symphonies, the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh (like the Ninth), are purely orchestral, but in the Eighth (the so-called 'Symphony of the Thousand,' finished in 1907) Mahler flies wholly to words. The Eighth is a 'symphony' only in Mahler's sense, 'a world built up by all available means,' though it is true the first part, the setting of the 'Veni creator spiritus,' is musically shaped to sonata-form, and the second, the 'Faust' part, contains the elements of the conventional slow movement, scherzo and finale.

It is curious that Mahler's third period, if we accept his own classification, begins like his first and second, with a song-cycle—this time a setting of poems from Hans Bethge's 'Die chinesische Flöte.' But in this case the song-cycle, 'Das Lied von der Erde' (finished in 1908), was given an orchestral accompaniment and itself grew to symphonic proportions so that the composer himself styled it a 'symphony.' The weak Ninth Symphony was finished a year later than 'The Song of the Earth' and stands in the same relation to it as the Fourth to the Third Symphony, and the Seventh to the Sixth. The work of a sick and exhausted man, it is a disappointing pendant to the work which is usually considered to be Mahler's masterpiece. One point in connection with Bethge's poems must be made clear, though of no great importance, for it led a well-known critic badly astray on the occasion of the first English performance of the 'Lied' a couple of years ago. Bethge's lyrics are not *translations* from

Li-Tai-Po and other Chinese poets of the eighth century, but 'Nachdichtungen,' re-creations such as Rückert made from Hafiz and Firdusi and, to come nearer home, such as Fitzgerald made from Omar. 'Das Lied von der Erde' covers many moods—hedonistic pessimism, reminding one of Omar, in the first song; naïve happiness, taking one back to the early days of the 'wayfaring man' and 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn,' in the third and fourth movements; irony, tempered with good humour, in the fifth, 'The Drunkard in Spring.'

What's the Spring to do with me
So long as I can drunken?

These all have their counterparts in the earlier Mahler. But it is the second and last movements, 'Autumn Loneliness' and 'Farewell' (the only ones, as it happens, of which the words are not after Li-Tai-Po) that strike the key-note of the whole, the melancholy longing for rest after futile striving that is echoed in the Ninth Symphony. One line near the end of 'Der Abschied' ('Mir war auf dieser Welt das Glück nicht hold!') sounds like a paraphrase of one of the Rückert songs. It is true the very end speaks of eternal Spring, but Mahler's last gesture was really a question mark, the line he himself inserted in three places in the opening poem—'Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.' The whole thing was never a darker mystery than at the very end. The only consolation was the beauty of the earth, of nature.

Finally, something must be said of Mahler's music *as* music. Obviously it is hardly ever 'absolute' music, even though it seldom verges on the definitely programmatic. Whatever Mahler's champions may say, these symphonies are intensely subjective. They convey a 'message,' embody a philosophy of life (or the longing for one), and music which tries to do that is naturally repugnant to some people. It is arguable that music can do nothing of the kind, even when harnessed to words. But the conviction that it can is apparent in all Mahler's music, and no one who does not bear that in mind can hope to understand him. Still, purpose is not achievement. Art attaches no value to moral aims, and every artist will agree that a beautiful little tune about nothing at all may be worth more than a colossal symphony about the cosmos. Mahler's music, like everyone else's, must stand or fall on its purely musical merits. Not many people will grumble nowadays at the 'looseness' of Mahler's structures, however much they may object to their size. Mahler had acquired, at any rate from the time of the Fifth Symphony, a technique fit for any task. His idiom, diatonic through and through, offers no more difficulty to our ears than Mendelssohn's does. His wildest excesses are a few consecutive seconds or sevenths. (Yet his music is admired by

such advanced composers as Schönberg and Casella.) The attacks of Mahler's adversaries are all centred on his thematic material, which is said to be almost entirely 'derivative,' 'platitudinous,' 'saccharine' and 'characterless.' And it does appear to be all this. Far from trying to be original, to hammer out a musical speech of his own, Mahler seems to have been quite content to express what he had to say in the language of his predecessors. Instead of avoiding melodic resemblances, he seems to have taken pleasure in drawing attention to family likenesses, for instance, by playing them on eight horns *unisono* as in the opening of the Third Symphony:—

Kräftig. Entschieden.

Ex 3

Perhaps he felt that they proved his rightful descent. And, in fairness, we must remember that some of the likeness to Schubert and others is due to the common influence of German folk-song. Inspiration is only the drawing up of a bucket from the well of memory, particularly memories of childhood. Genius does something we don't understand to the water; but the water is the basis, the raw material. If we want to make good composers of our children we should see that their minds are packed with the right sort of memories. The poor little Jewish boy who used to hang about the barracks at Iglau, sometimes marching beside the troops, who at four years old used to play the soldiers' songs and military marches on his mouth-organ, was storing up bad material for a symphonist worried about the universe. It is generally agreed that Mahler's love of march-rhythms and fanfare-like themes and his curiously individual use of the percussion are due to these early impressions. Their other consequences are perhaps less obvious but more serious. And unfortunately the genuine folk-music of the district, which left an equally deep mark on his musical character, is not much more valuable artistically.

On the other hand, it is only fair to remember that the banality of Mahler's material was not always unintentional, a matter of bad taste, but was sometimes intended ironically, sometimes as a sincere attempt to express the homely, bourgeois feelings which, in his view, had a place in art as in life. You may think his view wrong-headed, just as you may deny the possibility of expressing irony in music, but it is unjust to ascribe everything commonplace in his work to poverty of invention. And before we finally decide that Mahler's material is hopelessly bad, I should like to draw attention once more to the

parallel with Berlioz. Beside a reflection by Berlioz on his own melodies I will put one by Weingartner on Mahler's. Berlioz says—and those who appreciate his music will agree that he is stating no more than the simple truth:

They are often on a large scale; and an immature or short-sighted musical vision may not clearly distinguish their form; or, again, they may be accompanied by secondary melodies which, to a limited vision, may veil the form of the principal ones.

Weingartner uses almost the same expressions:

Characteristic of Mahler is the significant spread (*Breite*) of his themes. I believe, for example, that those who . . . considered the first movement of the Second Symphony to be meaningless nonsense, had altogether failed to grasp as a whole the massive dimensions of the principal theme; it must naturally have been difficult for them to follow its development!

Is that the explanation of Mahler's 'banality'? That the blocks are so huge that we cannot get far enough away from them to see anything but the coarseness of the texture, as Gulliver was revolted by the skins of the Brobdingnagians? Or is it that Mahler's melodic line has a subtle something which eludes all who are not his compatriots? Can it be that our lack of understanding of Mahler is the precise equivalent of the foreign musician's inability to hear anything but folk-song and platitudes in Vaughan Williams? All these possibilities must be carefully examined before we can attempt a final valuation of Mahler's music.

GERALD ABRAHAM.

THE SONGS OF HENRI DUPARC

IN a musical world which is gradually awakening to the song writing genius of Hugo Wolf, there is certain to be a renewed popular interest in the thirteen songs which represent the best work of Henri Duparc. It is not improbable that the Frenchman may win the more popular appeal because of the sheer sensuousness of his lyrical genius. Moreover, he has the advantage of being among the pioneers of a new spirit in the history of French song, whereas Wolf stands at the end of a glorious line of composers of *lieder* and is the crown of an artistic development that was as rapid as it was complete. We need not be over-impressed with Weissmann's scornful tribute to 'a few amateurish, but sincerely-felt songs.' Even erudition succumbs to patriotism; and to measure French song with a German bushel is manifestly misleading. If the slight is against Duparc's workmanship, it may be defined in its own technical terms. In music, as in so many other human activities, the title of amateur alternates between praise and censure with engaging freedom. It may be remarked that Schumann's professionalism was hardly less belated than Duparc's. It was certainly not so direct, since the Frenchman cherished no other ambition than to compose.

Henri Duparc was born in Paris on January 21, 1848. He is yet another example of a law student turning to music. His later years, however, saw the enforced abandonment of his work on account of ill health, which also compelled his residence in Switzerland. Apart from his songs, a symphonic poem, 'Lenore' (1875), a nocturne for orchestra, 'Aux Etoiles,' and a more recent motet for three voices, 'Benedicat vobis Dominus,' are the most important of his compositions, many of which, in a spirit of rare self-criticism, he saw fit to suppress or destroy. He was among the earliest pupils of César Franck in Paris, and the master's influence is easily manifest in his work. During his active career he was closely associated with contemporary musical developments and his departure was a considerable loss.

His album of songs includes settings of poems by Baudelaire, Bonnières, Coppée, Gauthier, Lahor, de Lisle, Prudhomme, Silvestre, as well as a French adaptation of Thomas Moore's 'O breathe not

his name.' It will be seen that he drew his inspiration from poetical sources which were more or less contemporaneous. Gauthier, de Lisle and Baudelaire were among the greatest poets of the generation before him, while Prudhomme and Coppée were two of the most famous poets of his own day. The name of the adapter of Moore's Elegy on the death of Robert Emmet is not given. The song itself is dedicated to the memory of Henri de Lassus, and from the sincerity and intimacy of its expression, and the fact that it is in prose, one is inclined to believe the translation to be the work of Duparc himself. The belated publication of the songs gives a false idea of the date of their actual composition. They were all written before 1885, a year before Franck's symphony, three years before the '*Mörikelieder*,' and a similar period after the completion of '*Parsifal*.' It is equally interesting to notice that Debussy, who had won the Prix de Rome in 1884 with his cantata '*L'Enfant Prodigue*,' had then written only his '*Nuit D'Etoiles*' (1876), '*Beau Soir*' (1878), and the early Verlaine songs, '*Mandoline*' and '*L'Ombre des arbres dans la rivière*' (1880).

The nationality of the songs is never in doubt. It is true there are definite indications of the studied influence of the *lieder* writers, and a phase of Wagnerian influence is also apparent. Yet Duparc's pupilage is unmistakable. It may be discerned in such general tendencies as enharmonic modulations and characteristic chromaticisms, a fondness for the two-bar phrase unit, and here and there a typical melodic motive. But there is manifest a subtle and sure sense of dramatic expression, and a more positive melodic eloquence than the master ever achieved. His harmonic texture lacks the depth and infallibility of Franck, and now and then it succumbs to the limitations of the idiom. But it is always fluid and expressive, with a sincere impressionism that is at once restrained and natural. There is a quality of originality in the flexibility and amplitude of phrase and development, and the sincerity and balance of the poetic declamation are undeniable. Without doubt, he was deeply indebted to his friend Castillon, whose '*Six Poésies*' (op. 8) mark the essential source of an impulse that passed through Duparc and Chausson down to contemporary French song. Other influences have joined the main stream, it is true, but that of Duparc and his successors is very considerable.

It has been said that the special quality which César Franck bequeathed to French music was an element of mysticism. It is, perhaps, a dangerous generalisation. One is tempted to ask for a definition of mysticism in musical terms. Moreover, that which is mysticism in Franck may well become a mannerism in others. To

say that Barrie and Galsworthy have given a sentimental quality to English prose may be true, but it does not begin to discover the essential differences between the two writers; nor will it explain to a succeeding generation the diverse qualities of their respective followers. Every great composer consciously or unconsciously widens the technical scope of his art by visible means. The quality which his music achieves thereby is not a definition of his technique, but the result of its personal expression. The mysticism of Franck was a part of his own character and its expression in his music was inevitable. The teaching of the Pater Seraphicus was essentially and obstinately traditional at a time when such principles were earning no little contempt. The impress of such teaching was actually more diverse and fruitful than an abstract generalisation suggests. Nurtured in his orthodoxy, the contrasted abilities of such composers as D'Indy, Chausson, Castillon, Augusta Holmes, Ropartz and others developed rather than suppressed their individual characteristics. In our own Stanford, we have a vivid example of a similar influence in more recent times.

The digression may be pardoned, since there is no particular mysticism in Duparc except where the poem demands it. But there are certain technical considerations which are not without some importance. From 1830 onwards, when the revolutionary era produced such an outburst of lyric genius as is marked by such names as Victor Hugo, Lamartine, de Musset and Béranger, the art of French song has rapidly progressed from the faulty technique and original though exaggerated sentiments of Monpou to the classic brilliance of Ravel, in whose '*Histoires Naturelles*' is embodied the theory of a melodic line based on the natural vocal inflections above a formal and complex pianoforte accompaniment. Duparc's generation were turning to folk-song for their inspiration, but he is not unduly impressed with this influence although he does not escape it. It may be traced in '*Extase*', in '*Au Pays où se fait la Guerre*', and in the opening section of '*Phidylé*', for example; and traces are not wanting elsewhere. But the trait is not studied. Instead, the exploiting of pure sonorities in the pianoforte accompaniment while the voice asserts itself now with an easy flexibility of phrase, and again with a real dramatic point and emphasis, are strongly individual features, despite the obvious influence of Liszt and Wagner. For it must be remembered that from the early '*Complainte*' on the death of Charlemagne (813) the French fondness for a small compass in their song melodies had persisted for more than a thousand years. In the matter of structure, it is interesting to observe that several of the songs, after a simple beginning gather a more complicated

texture as they proceed. The stage is not set in the vivid way of Wolf, it seems rather to set itself as the expression of the poem is steadily unravelled. Nor is there any attempt at the exactness of verbal declamation that Wolf always achieved. But if Duparc lacks that innate poetic sensitiveness that enabled Wolf to open his magic casements for us all, he is singularly successful in finding an adequate form for his context. Here and there in his accompaniments we may be conscious of the disembodied survival of formulæ, but the technique is always efficient and the context never loses clarity. His frequent reliance on a pedal-bass, real or implied, is characteristic. It never becomes monotonous, and there are occasions when the device has an expressiveness that is quite profound.

The detailed analysis of each song is clearly impossible here. The mysticism of 'L'Invitation au Voyage,' the sensuous impressionism of 'Sérénade Florentine,' the virile characterisation of 'La Vague et la Cloche,' the detail and development of 'Phidylé' and 'La Vie Antérieure,' the rhythmic certainty of 'La Manoir de Rosemonde,' the expressive 'Extase,' the superb restraint of 'Lamento, Soupir' (an exquisite miniature), and the 'Elégie' (with its reminiscence of Wagner's 'Träume'), the quiet intimacy of 'Chanson Triste,' the impassioned sincerity of 'Testament,' and the faithful portrayal of 'Au Pays où se fait la Guerre,' may be acceptable as a general catalogue of abstract qualities. There is little doubt that the study of the songs will reveal the hand of an eloquent artist, adding something new and significant to the qualities of his native song. And at length, we shall understand better, perhaps, D'Indy's panegyric on the teaching genins of Father Franck.

SYDNEY NORTHCOTE.

MUSIC AS A SOCIAL SCIENCE

WHAT do we mean when we speak of the 'social sciences,' and why should music be included among them? This is a question that must be answered if we are to know what is the rightful position of music in the counsels of life, in our behaviour towards each other, in our self-education and mental and moral training. The question has little or no direct bearing on the practice of the art of music, though it has a very considerable indirect bearing on that practice, as has, of necessity, every theoretical question relating to the subject. Yet it is a question that has never received the attention it demands, though we are progressing, and it is a matter of satisfaction that the editors of the important new *Encyclopædia of Social Sciences* are giving music a place in that work.

Social sciences are, I take it, those branches of knowledge which, in themselves or in the effect their subjects have on the community in general, either directly as a whole or through individuals or groups of individuals, have some bearing on the actions and manners of nations and races and so build up, or pull down in preparation for rebuilding, our social systems. Psychology, sociology, religion, history, political or otherwise, are obviously among such sciences. Is music also among them? In other words, is music of such a nature as to affect the lives of people to such an extent and in such a manner as will assist in the construction or reconstruction of social, that is communal, life?

"Ever since music became 'modern,' in the sense in which we use the term when referring to music since the time of Palestrina, it has been customary to regard it as something apart from ordinary life, not in the way of being either superior or inferior to other matters, but merely as being an appendage or extra which is not essential; which is generally ornamental, which may on occasion be useful for some specific purpose, but which cannot in the ordinary way be included among the useful arts. Much less has the science of its nature and character been regarded as one with any direct or indirect application to life in general.

Yet before this, and particularly among the more philosophical nations like the Greeks and the Chinese, it has taken a higher and more intimate position, a position it must regain if it is not to come

to a dead end in the tangle of modern experiments. Music to these people was unquestionably one of the social sciences, one of the sciences by which the relations between one person and another, between the whole of the members of a community or society, were regulated, by which the social fabric was held together, was built up and purified. Without a knowledge of music such as existed in those times (and incidentally one may remark that the knowledge of the *principles* of music, though possibly not of its practice, was much greater than most people imagine, perhaps greater than in the twentieth century of the Christian era), no one would think of attempting to arrive at a philosophy of life, much less of becoming a leader in any branch of life, including politics and economics. One need only take a casual glance at the position which music held in the life of the ancient Greeks to see how true this is.

Before this, in the twilight ages of our race, music had among all nations been regarded as of divine origin. Each nation and race had its own legend as to the way in which it was brought to man, but, various as such legends are, there is scarcely one but describes it as a direct gift of the gods, brought possibly by superhuman agency or possibly by natural means, but in no case through man's own invention. 'What does all this mean,' asks a well-known German critic, 'but that all peoples distinctly felt that music does not issue from the necessities of life; that music signifies something *withdrawn from* the conditions of ordinary existence, something at variance with the natural order of things.' While this writer is evidently trying to find the right words to express his idea of what music was in these primitive days, one is not sure that he achieves his object. Religion has never been entirely 'withdrawn from the conditions of ordinary existence' or 'at variance with the natural order of things,' any more than has the government of the people or the regulation of morals. All of these are superior to the everyday life of the average citizen, but all of them have a direct bearing on that life. Religion, as the highest of them all, is supernatural, but it is by no means 'at variance with' nature. Neither is music. Without religion of some kind or other man falls from his *naturally* high estate and takes a place scarcely above the beasts. A well-known musician of very high talent, a strikingly original composer and a conductor of great ability, who is also a keen social reformer, having been brought up in the narrowest of Calvinistic principles, on attaining an age when he could reason things out for himself, threw over the principles on which he had been brought up and declared himself an atheist. Later on he told me, 'it was no use; one must have some sort of supra-reasonable explanation of life, something perhaps different from con-

ventional religion, and particularly from the debased Christianity of modern civilised nations, but some sort of faith which will form the basis of one's rule of life and which must therefore be called Religion.' And to him, as to most people who are not *merely* rationalist and cerebralist, music formed an important part of such religion.

Here then we have the first quality of music which places it among the social sciences. It is a means of expression of religion in the most essential significance of that word; a means of expression of the feelings we have towards that which physical sciences can never explain or account for, of that which forms the basic governing power in the lives of all who are impelled by their nature to seek something higher than mere sensual satisfaction.

And in this connection one may recall the fact that sensual satisfaction is not confined to mere bodily comfort or the indulgence in or alleviation of voluptuous feelings, for it may be afforded just as much by the hearing of pleasant music, the seeing of agreeable sights and ornamental designs and the reading of pleasant literature, as by the grosser pleasures of the flesh. Music, one may say, is an 'ecstatic' art, in the old sense of the term, that it takes us apart from the more sordid interests of life or above them, and it brings about such ecstasy sometimes by sensual and sometimes by directly psychic influence. This ecstatic character does not exclude it from consideration in social matters, for, were it less ecstatic or not at all so, it would lose much of its present beneficial influence in such matters. Social life is active, but for that very reason we have to consider the influence of rest on such activity. Social life is a matter of mundane affairs and all the sordid details of such affairs; but it is also much more and much higher, and the influence of an art such as that of music, and of the science which makes such art progressive, is of a most powerful character.

In pagan days and among pagan people, with the worship of nature and of the objects of nature, music has always formed a basis of law, and sometimes a method of enacting laws, as well as the readiest and most obvious means of expression of the emotions aroused by nature and its objects. Until civilisation grew in Babylonian, Hebrew and Greek life to something that was immediately reduceable to rational argument, and even to some extent among these people in their most rational and artificial periods, it was an essential of life in all its aspects and activities. It is true that the Greeks, the classical founders of our modern civilisation, used the term in a much wider sense than we use it to-day, and that some of their references to its moral use apply to this wider significance of the word; but it is also true that many of such references are to music in the narrow modern

sense of the term, that is, to tonal art. Aristoxenus, Plato, Aristotle, Aristides Quintillianus, and other writers about Greek music indubitably refer, in many instances, to the moral character and the moral effect of sounds and not merely to the moral character and effect of the whole combination of rhythmic art. In the Far East, not only in the past but right down to the present time, music has meant, and means, something of the highest social, that is moral and political, importance. 'I am very interested in Western music,' said an eminent Japanese diplomat to me some little time ago, 'because it tells me so much of what is good and bad, great and small, in the Western people.'

Centuries before this the Chinese, in the Li-Ki, or Memorial of Rites, had laid it down that 'Music is intimately connected with the essential relations of things. Thus, to know sounds but not airs, is peculiar to birds and brute beasts; to know airs but not music is peculiar to the common herd; to the wise alone it is reserved to understand music. This is why sounds are studied to know airs, airs in order to know music, and music in order to know how to rule.'

But we have to go much farther than the primitive races and primitive times if we are to understand the position which music must take as a social science. We know much more than was known in such times and among such people about its physical production, more about its æsthetic construction; we have even in recent years discovered something of what the early students of the subject only guessed at, its therapeutic qualities, though as yet our knowledge of this branch of the subject is only at its beginning. What we have not discovered yet is the complete mutual reaction of music and social life.

Some little time ago Cyril Scott, the popular composer, who is by religion a theosophist, wrote a book on *The Influence of Music on History and Morals*, in which he endeavoured to prove from comparatively recent history that music is the great motive power of social life, and that our manners are formed by our music more than our music is formed by our manners. He failed in his thesis not so much because his knowledge of social life is as narrow as that of most of his professional colleagues, though this narrowness of knowledge and experience has caused him to make statements that at times reduce his arguments to an absurdity; his failure is that he does not see that life and art are neither solely productive of the other, that while art has a great influence on life, life itself fashions art. We have to find out by the science of music, by the application of music as a social science, what it was that made Handel's music the expression of the 'respectable' period which followed the period of its composition,

how far such music was responsible for the social characteristics of the later period, and how far it was adopted as its expression by such period simply because of its suitability to such expression. By the application of music as a social science, we have to discover how far the irregularities of present-day life are caused by the irregularities of its music, and on the other hand to what extent and in what manner the irregularities of the music are the result of the social irregularities.

To make these discoveries, to apply the social science of music to our considerations of life at any period or in any group of circumstances, we must do so by a twofold method. First we must observe the effects of the definite and deliberate application of music to social and moral problems, and, secondly, we must observe the effect of music, of which neither those who create it nor those who use it concern themselves, with its social and moral value. The study of social and moral conditions upon music cannot be left out of these observations, but this study is a secondary matter and applies only indirectly to the main subject.

For the latter of these primary observations the material is universal in time and place. For the former we have only the music of certain periods or that connected with certain objects or movements, or the rules and limitations imposed for certain definite purposes upon the extent and manner of the practice of the art. The most obvious and ready-to-hand of these are : (i) The music, so far as we know anything of it, of the ancient Greeks as restricted by the rules and limitations of the philosophers; (ii) religious music such as that of the Israelites and of the Catholic Church, as well as that of some of the religions of the Far East, for which rules are made to increase the moral force of such music or to restrain its power for ill; to which, though applicable in a less degree, must be added (iii) the use of music as an aid to labour.

Did Plato and his fellow philosophers really impose their theories on any large proportion of the Greek population of their own and later periods? And if they did, what was the effect on the people upon whom those theories were imposed? Had the rules made by Gregory the Great (following the example of the Emperor Justinian) and other Popes and Church authorities with regard to the use, or the non-use, of 'worldly' melodies, and the restriction of church music to certain definite types, and have they to-day, an effect for the restraint and regulation of moral life? For the ordinary casual observer it is difficult, if not impossible, to answer these questions with any degree of surety, and even experts do not agree as to what is the correct answer. Nor is it necessary they should. The mere investigation and discussion to which such questions give rise not only show that music

is a social science, but these and similar questions make it such a science. Music, just as language, has a trinal nature; it is a natural expression, at once crude and pure; it is an art by which such natural expression is amplified and made both more complex and more precise, so as to express more fully and more subtly the most intimate feelings and thoughts, or merely to please the senses; and it is a science by which it is possible to test certain social conditions and the causes of such conditions and thus to develop or improve them.

It will be noticed that in none of these descriptions have I specifically included the therapeutic quality of music, a quality recognised at all periods except the most artificial and decadent; one recognised but little understood by the ancients, which is becoming more and more recognised and understood by the medical profession of to-day. The reason for this omission is that the application of music for therapeutic purposes is not an application of it as a science so much as its application as the material of a natural force. It is the same with music as with electricity or radium; we know that the use of the emissions from these produce certain effects, but we can scarcely say that such use, *per se*, is part of the science of electricity or radiology, because such science is concerned with the essence and production of the forces rather than with their immediate and elementary results of the application. The medical man who uses radium or music to cure or relieve certain ailments may or may not concern himself with the science of these subjects, but his mere use of the means produced by such science does not place him, however humbly, among the scientists. Much less, therefore, can it be said that such application makes the knowledge or study of these matters a *social* science.

Yet, while the application of music to medical purposes makes its study neither a medical science nor a social science, its application to the general affairs of life makes it the latter. In what we call historic times, in the twenty centuries or so of the life and events of which we have definite records, there are three social influences of music which stand out as most evident and probably most powerful, the study of which must, therefore, be included in any study of music as a social science. These are its inspiration to love, to opposition and to progressive or creative activity. The first of these can be studied not merely in historical events, in the records of the effect of music on men and women whose love was sought or who expressed their affection in musical sounds, sounds which were sometimes self-contained and independent and sometimes associated with words, but it can be studied also in the most elemental and elementary conditions existing to-day, in the mating songs of birds, possibly in the crooning

of the child to its mother or its nurse, and in the lullaby, though this last may possibly come under the heading of therapeutics rather than under that of sociology. Is the singing of a lullaby a cause of contentment and satisfaction because it is the expression of affection, or is it the application of a narcotic which may or may not be generally of a healthy character? It is the business of the science of music to find out what is the relation between such feelings as those of mother and child, of lover and beloved, of admirer and admired, and, maybe, to develop the possibilities which this relation creates.

One must remember in this connection that music as 'the food of love' exists not merely with regard to sexual love, but to love of all kinds. Music is an expression of our love of God and of all super-human beings as well as of those who stand in the relation that is usually called that of lovers; not infrequently it is an expression of our love of our parents or children, and still more frequently of our love of country and of our rulers. And as it is an expression of these matters it is also an inspiration of them for the simple reason that expression is, in nearly all cases, an inspiration of the feelings expressed or an aid to their development. And that inspiration is often aroused in a second person who has had nothing to do with the original emission.

Therefore, also, the wise leader makes use of music to encourage his soldiers to fight or, occasionally, as the Spartans did, to restrain them from rash action; to encourage the labourer to work and even to persuade the crowd to take a certain side in politics. In nearly all these matters the words to which the music is sung are of little or no importance, and, while vocal music is the most helpful for the reason that music is a greater inspiration and help when one takes an active part in its production than when one merely hears it, instrumental music has a similar, if somewhat weaker, effect. If music were merely what many people try to imagine it, if it were only a pleasant sound, it would still, because pleasant sensations as well as unpleasant ones have an effect upon our feelings and actions, be a subject of study for the social scientist, though possibly in itself not of a nature to be included among the sciences. Actually it is much more in its nature and in its effects than any mere sound, even though it be nothing more than ordered sound; even though, like many other forces, it owes its existence as such a force to the fact that it is orderly, that the crude material of which it consists is moulded into such a shape and kneaded into such a condition that it has effects impossible in its original crude form and condition. It was because music was employed in these ways that the ancient Greeks particularly, and other ancient nations to a greater or less

degree, took it for granted that everybody would recognise music not only as a social and sociable art but also as a social science. In the more artificial periods of history, when music was less the possession of the work and more a decoration of royal courts and other centres of amusement and pastime, we find that it was treated less as a science of life and more as a mathematical science; but it seldom or never lost its scientific interest entirely. With the revival of interest in the relations which exist between music and activity came a revival of interest in music as a social science.

Not infrequently such a revival as this has been forced upon the world by circumstances outside its own control. A striking recent instance of this occurred with the world war of half a generation ago. Before the cataclysm that brought this about it was becoming a usual custom to regard music as a purely ornamental matter and to drive it off the fields and out of the factories and to silence the voices of soldiers on the march. In the shock of battle, even of the modern battles of machines, and in the intensive preparation for such shock, however, natural expression will not be restrained entirely, and soldiers and munition makers sang whether they would or not, and wise leaders, officers and foremen, restrained them only at times of urgent necessity. The excitement of the war spread from the active participants to all the people of the nations engaged in it, and these sang on all occasions, voicing their joys and sorrows, their fears and hates, their patriotism and enthusiasm for the fighters, often using words that had no bearing on the matter that made them sing, but singing out of sheer fullness of spirit. With this happening, both musicologists and sociologists had perforce to recognise that music had certain qualities that made it a subject of social science, that provided material for studies which on one side accounted for certain social characteristics and on the other showed the way in which desirable characteristics could be developed and undesirable ones eradicated or combated. Music *quâ* music came again into the studies of the sociologist, though as yet most of these considered only one narrow activity of music, namely that known collectively as folk-song.

To get the full benefit of the study of music as a social science, however, we have to take up a much wider field than this, and to leave out of our considerations no single musical activity, from that of the crooning child and the whistling boy to the most elaborate experiments of the advanced composer. Every one of these is an expression of some social feeling or condition, and to omit from our sociological and psychological studies any one of them is to leave out something that may provide the answer to important questions of conduct. These various musical activities, these various kinds of

music (to use a convenient and popular term which is not quite strictly accurate) can be grouped into a fivefold division of the whole which can best be described by their French titles : *musique imposé*, *musique ésotérique*, *musique artistique*, *musique des conservatoires*, and *musique du peuple*. The last of these, as I have already pointed out, is generally accepted as a subject for scientific observation in its relation to life in general and in particular to the history of popular progress or lack of progress. The others are not so obviously related to life in general and it may, therefore, be well to consider for a moment how they fall within the scope of sociological investigation.

It is difficult to describe exactly what is meant by the term 'imposed music,' but it may be said to imply any kind of music which by means of compulsion or deliberate persuasion is made that of a community which would not otherwise have adopted it. When the schoolboy has a natural desire towards roystering unison songs and is put to sing moral or educational part-songs, he may quickly learn to enjoy these latter, but they are nevertheless imposed music so far as he is concerned. Similarly most of the popular music of to-day, that is, music that in the fullest sense of the term is that of the people, is imposed by the will and action of publishers or educationists who adopt various methods to bring about what they consider is a desirable condition of thought and appreciation.

The educationists and publishers who impose this music on the youth and unskilled music lovers of a community are not only providing material for the study of music as a social science but are making use of it in this quality, and are even in many cases going further and making it for the time being an applied science. Music imposed in this way is a very different thing from the *musique des conservatoires*, which is more in the nature of introduced music, that is, music of which the acquaintance is sought and desired, generally for its technical qualities. The music utilised by the great teaching institutions may be that of strong emotion or no emotion, it may be such as is acceptable for its beauty or undesirable because of its dry scholasticism, it may be the greatest music of all time or that of a passing day. In every case, however, it must have good qualities of technique and style such as may be taken as models for the young composer, or such as provide opportunities for the acquisition of a good technique and æsthetic by the young executant or interpreter. It is for these qualities that it must be chosen rather than for any qualities of moral edification or pleasant occupation such as are sought in that of the people or that intended to become that of the people.

In this respect it falls somewhat below that which is designated as 'artistic music,' of which the chief attribute is a power of edification

of the feelings of those whose æsthetic demands are of a high order, who ask that every part of the work shall be in exact relation to every other part, that nothing shall offend against the accepted canons of good taste and that not less than a minimum of beauty shall be observable in the whole and in its parts. It stands between popular music and esoteric music and may have a very wide appeal, in contradistinction to this latter which may be of greater or less art-value but of which the interest lies in its unusualness, whether such unusualness comes from its striking newness and originality or from its being based on principles, style or material from some remote land or period.

Each one of these different divisions demands study as a section of music as a social science; each one has some influence, direct or indirect, upon life in general, upon the development of human civilisation. If we ignore any one of them in our studies of what music means to human life we confine ourselves to only a limited section of the science of music. If we assume that esoteric music has no effect except on the small group of experts who understand it, or imagine they understand it, or that popular music of the day is merely superficial and therefore not worthy of consideration in this branch of science, we shall probably pass over some point, maybe only a small point, but quite possibly one that has an important bearing on the subject generally.

Another subject which must some time, sooner or later, be handled from the point of view that music is a social science is that of the relations of geographical conditions and of climate to the kinds of music used, and the reflex action of that kind of music on the people who live in those conditions. What relation is there between the mild climate of Italy and its suave melodies, between the inactive tendencies of its people in their everyday life (in some circumstances they are as active as any other people) and the *coloratura* in which both their composers and their singers excel? Why do the Scots and the Montenegrins, both of whom live in hilly countries and on land that is fertile only after arduous cultivation, choose the bagpipes for their chief musical instrument, in spite of the great difference of climate in the two countries? Why are the Germans and the English essentially singing peoples, and their near cousins the Dutch and Danish so much less so? And, what is of the greatest importance in this question, when the geography and climate of a country have given its people certain characteristics and have made them choose certain methods of expression through music, what has been the effect of such music in the further development of such characteristics? Similar questions might well be put with regard to the relation of

the music of the aborigines to the life of settlers and of the music of the settlers to that of the aborigines. We know that the music of modern America has been affected by what little exists of that of the Indians and that the music of the present-day Indians has been affected by that imported from Europe by white Americans and their settler forefathers, while the music of the American negroes owes something to both their African origin and to that they acquired from the Christian teachers. What we have to study to a much greater extent if we are to understand what the people of America, white, red or black, are and how they have developed during the last four and a half centuries, is what effect the various kinds of music have had, and how the effect of that music has been varied by its being achieved in circumstances entirely different from those in which it was originally conceived and produced. Also in different periods, what has been the social result of one and the same kind of music.

Mr. Scott blames a certain dull respectability of the Victorian era in England on the music of Handel; but had the music of Handel the same effect in the Georgian days during which it attained its popularity? The music of Beethoven, even as recently as the last quarter of the nineteenth century, more often than not produced on Englishmen who cared for it a sense of responsibility, at least of artistic responsibility, that was produced by no other music. Does that same music produce the same effect now or in other parts of the world? Is there something in the music itself, or is it only its associations, that makes Johann Sebastian Bach's music so 'puritan' and so completely an expression of a certain type of Protestant Christianity that in a country like Holland it prevents to any large extent new music of an ambitious character being produced for the use of that religion, while in England and America, with a somewhat different type of Protestantism, vast quantities are being produced annually, much of which is of an excellent character?

One poses these questions, and one could go on posing similar questions *ad infinitum*, not with the immediate aim of finding an answer to all or any of them, but merely with the object of suggesting something of the extent to which music is applicable as a social science. Even though it be possible to assert that music has no influence whatever, in itself, on such important matters in social life as politics and commerce, this makes little or no difference to its position as a matter which has an important bearing on life itself. These matters, just as music itself, are highly specialised, highly developed sciences, which directly affect only certain individuals or groups of individuals, and the vast majority of us know little and care less about any of the three. We cast up our daily accounts, we

record our votes and we sing the songs or join in the dances that we find agreeable, each of us utilising the services of the specialist, and generally leaving to him all questions of what to do and how to do it. For one man engaged in the trade who really knows anything about oil and its production there are a thousand clerks, workmen, seamen, etc.; for one lawyer there are a dozen or twenty clerks who know only their own little job of copying documents or making out bills of costs; for one short story writer or novelist there are hundreds of printers, paper makers, delivery agents, porters and colporteurs, who scarcely know the contents of a single parcel they handle. For one composer, or even one instrumentalist, there are hundreds of dancers who know only the steps that the music calls for and nothing of what those steps may mean musically, poetically or psychologically.

One may go even further than this and say that few of those engaged even directly in the practice of a subject, whether an art, a science or an industry, are concerned with its scientific aspect and least of all with its aspect as a social science. We are too concerned with the immediate work in hand for this, so that the lawyer does not consider the effects on the life of the community in general of a dispute he has to argue in the courts or an agreement he has to draw up to be signed by two parties, nor does the composer consider whether what he is writing is going to influence the world for good or ill, but merely whether he is getting the artistic effect to which he is impelled by a poem or by the rhythmic movement of an imagined dance or the design of a symphony.

These people are supplying the material for the scientist to study, or at the most the lines of thought upon which scientific investigation must be made. If one must define exactly, therefore, what is the social science of music, one can only make use of the ugly but convenient term, 'musicology,' the science which discovers and seeks further to discover, what is the social influence of the work of the practitioner, what music has done for, and to, the world alike for good and ill, in its immediate results and in its indirect and far-reaching influence. It is a big subject which has as yet scarcely been touched upon by those best equipped for such investigation. Medical men interested in music are too often mere amateurs, or are throat specialists or experimentalists on the terrain of the direct therapeutic effects of music. Few psychologists and sociologists have made any serious attempt to account for the effect of 'Ca ira?' or 'Lilliburlero.' Still fewer have attempted to realise or discover the social effect of the works of Palestrina, Handel, Bach, Beethoven and their successors, or to find out the relation between the changing fashions of music and the corresponding changing ideas of all classes

in the world generally and the resultant change in fashion in clothes and manners.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this failure to correlate music with other departments of life is the fact that a very large proportion of men who have attained distinction as musicians have made, in their early days at the university or privately, a special study of philosophy, while not a few have been trained to become ministers of religion or lawyers. Even this fact, this failure on their part to apply to their later artistic studies their early acquired knowledge of philosophy and psychology, supplies us with a further topic on which to apply the principles of music as a social science. To the senates of universities which have faculties in musicology, if they exist, I would suggest as a subject for a doctoral thesis the question, 'Why philosophically trained musicians have failed to see the importance of music as a social science, and how we can remedy this in the future.' It is a deep question, but it is not without very considerable interest, and it abounds in points which the philosophical mind will delight in discovering and debating.

HERBERT ANTCLIFFE

THE LIMITS OF EXPRESSION

THE extent to which the creative artist may express himself is limited firstly by what may be called the expression-capacity of the particular medium he employs, and secondly by his own degree of skill or technique in that medium. In the case of music there is an additional limiting factor, namely, the extent to which it is physically possible for the written notes to be realised in performance by the executant musician. This last limitation, which we may for convenience call the executive limitation, is one which music shares with the art of the theatre and one which closely relates the executant musician to the actor, for both are performers and interpreters of art. The actor, of course, does not stand in exactly the same relation to the playwright as the executant musician to the composer, for whereas the medium of the playwright is the written and spoken word which is used in everyday life and which may be read in silence by every literate person, the medium of the composer is music which, although it too may be read in silence by those—comparatively few—who are skilled in the art, cannot be said to exist even for those most able to appreciate it, until it is 'realised' in performance; for music is primarily the art of sound. It is hardly possible in so many words to define the limits of expression imposed by the performer on the composer, but in a negative way these limitations are fairly clearly indicated. For instance, it is useless for the composer to write a pianoforte solo on the assumption that the normal compass of the human hand is an octave and a half, or that it is possible to play twenty notes simultaneously. In the same way, in the case of those limitations of expression which music has in common with all the arts, those I first referred to as (1) expression-capacity of the medium and (2) technique of the artist (in this case, the composer) it is not possible in so many words to define positively the extent to which expression may be realised. But it sometimes happens that the artist in drawing from his particular medium what appears to be its maximum of expression and even pushing it further until the work becomes, as it were, almost inarticulate, actually indicates very clearly those indefinable limits and even achieves a kind of super-expression in so doing.

If we take the case of an artist whose technique in his chosen medium is commensurate with the ideas he wishes to express, while

those ideas are at the same time of the highest order, we may safely discount any limitations of expression connected with the technique of the artist. Such an artist, it seems to me, was Beethoven, and nowhere do we see more clearly the limits of expression dictated by the medium employed than in his later works, particularly the last pianoforte sonatas and string quartets. And it is precisely at the moment when his music being, as it were, pushed to the very edge of expression, topples over and becomes almost inarticulate and lost, that a sort of super-expression makes itself felt.

Consider, for example, the variation movement in the sonata, Opus 111, especially such an infinitely profound passage as bars 106 to 121 (transition to E flat). No words can convey the meaning of such a passage as this, and although we feel that here the medium of expression is strained to its utmost, almost to breaking point, no transference to another medium in music would relieve the strain. Indeed we may go further and state that any transference of such a passage to another instrument or group of instruments will somehow deprive it of something essential in it which is inseparably bound up with the instrument for which it was originally written.

In the slow movement of the sonata Opus 106 (Hammerklavier), there are passages of a like profundity, and it is instructive to notice what happens to them in Weingartner's orchestral arrangement of this sonata. First notice what Weingartner says in the preface of his arrangement: ' . . . I have heard the monumental Opus 106 played by the most famous pianists. Never was I able to get rid of the feeling that here there was something wanting, that here the spirit of the creator demands more than the instrument is able to give.' Now consider the passage in the slow movement from bar 85 onwards. Here is expression reaching out to its utmost limits and giving that tense feeling of striving with its last breath in this rarified atmosphere to soar higher. What happens in the orchestral transcription? The notes are there, the endeavour to realise their intention is made with complete conscientiousness, but the meaning is gone, the essence of expression is lost. Consider again bars 115 to 120. Here Beethoven has written *con grande espressione* and *molto espressivo* as if to make certainty more sure. Once more, I submit, the orchestral version instead of adding to the expression, actually lessens it and robs the passage of all but the least of its meaning. It is not that there is anything wrong with the orchestral arrangement in itself. It could not be improved upon. But the meaning simply will not translate. The reason is clear. Here we

have reached not the limits of expression of the pianoforte, but the limits of musical expression of any kind.

The case is different when a transcription is made of a work which, in its original form, reaches the limits of the resources of the instrument for which it is written. Take for example Bach's Chaconne for solo violin, a masterpiece which makes great demands on the performer and exploits the full resources of the violin. There are two arrangements of it for pianoforte, the one by Brahms and the other by Busoni. Brahms arranged it as a study for the left hand alone, and it is said that his reason for doing this was that he took great delight in playing it on the pianoforte but only when he played it with one hand did he feel he could enjoy it to the same extent as a violinist playing it in its original form. The reason for this was that the sheer physical difficulty of the composition has become part of its expression, and the realisation of that is what made the success of Busoni's transcription. He realised, just as Brahms had, that a transcription of the Chaconne which eliminated all difficulty would be omitting part of its expression, and therefore losing part of the meaning of the original. Brahms, by deliberately creating difficulty by denying himself the use of a hand, did in effect the same as Busoni whose arrangement uses the full resources of the pianoforte as played by two hands, only Brahms had private satisfaction, Busoni public satisfaction in view.

We may take it, then, that the arrangement of works which are technically at the end of the resources of the instrument for which they were originally written, must take into account the technical element, for in any work which is more than mere virtuosic display it will be found to be an integral part of the expression. It may be that there is a hint here of a reason why expression that has reached the limits of *music* (though not necessarily of *instruments*) cannot be successfully transcribed. For whereas the parts of such a composition (*e.g.*, Hammerklavier) which are capable of being expressed in the larger medium, do indeed derive an added force in the transcription, those parts which cannot be torn from their original medium remain unaltered and perhaps, by comparison with their altered surroundings, seem to have lost more than is actually the case. But I am inclined to think that the reason lies deeper than that, for it seems that when expression reaches its limits, whether in music, words, painting, or the other arts, it makes its medium its own in such a way as to make impossible any divorce between it and the actual substance in which it first took form.

JAMES DEAS.

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C. B. O.

BOOK REVIEWS

The violin-makers of the Guarneri family, their life and work. By Alfred, Arthur, and the late W. Henry Hill. William E. Hill and Sons; 800 copies, 8 guineas.

The recently published book dealing with the life and work of the violin-makers of the Guarneri family calls for unstinted admiration. It is the work of the three brothers William, Arthur and Alfred Hill, whose pre-eminence as experts in everything connected with the art of the 'luthier' is a matter of world-wide knowledge. It is a subject for sad reflection that Mr. William Hill should have passed away before the book was actually published.

It is rarely that a book is issued in which the dual aspect of 'music' and 'letters' is so completely represented. For what would 'music' be if it were not for the violin, and indeed for the whole body of the strings in an orchestral score, the very existence of which we owe to the art and imagination of the great craftsmen, among whom the Guarneri were so conspicuous? And the whole book bears the hall-mark of 'letters,' for the research work which has brought to light so much new information has been of a most scholarly character, coupled with a patience and perseverance that has sought out the minutest details with a stern resolve to accept nothing as proved that could not be supported with irrefutable evidence. Men of letters, Charles Reed for example, have written about the violin before now, and the present authors make no claim to special distinction of literary style; but the fact that they have set out in straightforward and clear language to give to the world the results that they have obtained by this combination of unique and disinterested knowledge with an unwavering purpose in searching out and stating the truth and nothing but the truth, has set this book on a level never yet approached on the subject of the 'luthier's' art.

The first chapter is one of compelling interest. Its main subject is Andrea, the first of the five of this family who made the name of Guarneri famous. But the interest of this chapter is typical of the whole book. How dull it might have been! Yet it may be read with keen pleasure by the ordinary reader though he may know little about music or the violin. Here is much more than the life-story of a notable craftsman. We read how Andrea came to live in the house of the great Nicolò Amati at Cremona, in order to be instructed in the art of instrument-making. He was then 17, or younger, and was 'quite probably working side by side with the fellow apprentice Francesco Ruger.' The writers introduce us into the 'friendly and congenial atmosphere' of Amati's house and give us details which almost enable us to picture the homely festivities of Nicolò's wedding. From one of the many documents discovered by the Hills we know that Andrea Guarneri was present on this occasion as a witness. Another document is the census return giving the names and ages of everyone living in Amati's house, including the servants. Here, too, is a facsimile reproduction of the entry in the church register of the marriage of

Andrea Guarneri himself; and throughout the book there is a wealth of historical detail accumulated from the various sources of information which have been so carefully preserved in almost all Italian towns.

But apart from Andrea Guarneri and the distinctive features of his craftsmanship which are so fully dealt with in this chapter, Messrs. Hill have led up to their special subject with a short and most valuable sketch of the state of violin-making up to and during the first half of the seventeenth century. For details we must refer the reader to the book itself, but it may be mentioned that Messrs. Hill lay special stress upon the great importance of Andrea Amati's work. It was Gasparo da Salò who first designed the form of the modern violin, but his work was comparatively rough. It was Andrea Amati who produced the finished article; and what we owe to Andrea is not yet fully realised. We know nothing of how he learnt his craft, or by what means he achieved such wonderful results. These must bluntly be attributed to that indescribable and mysterious thing called 'genius.' As early as 1560 Andrea Amati was making violins of a model and of a perfection of finish never since surpassed. No book hitherto published has made this point so clear as the Hills have done here.

Whereas Andrea Guarneri was the most industrious of the five violin-makers of the name, Pietro, his eldest son, was the least. Born at Cremona in 1655, the census returns show that he had left his father's house before 1679. His father called him an ungrateful son for deserting him. Although he had certainly co-operated in making some of the instruments which were signed by his father, he does not seem in any known instance to have inserted his own distinctive label. Yet Messrs. Hill comment on his great skill as a craftsman and refer to 'that decidedly personal touch, so distinctively his own,' which is noticeable in these Cremonese instruments. At a later date Pietro settled at Mantua. In tracing his history the Hills incidentally provide an example of their scrupulous search for the truth. 'Did the master depart at once to Mantua? We do not know. It may have been so.' Among the many minute details that have come to light, this point has been left unrevealed. 'It may have been so.' Many a so-called historian with less evidence has plainly said in similar conditions, 'It was so.' What the Hills believe Pietro did follows in the next paragraph, and for this we again refer the reader to the book itself. Pietro was established as a performing musician at the Court at Mantua between 1680 and 1685, and he divided his time between playing the violin and instrument-making. This accounts largely for the rarity of his instruments; Messrs. Hill 'doubt whether more than fifty of his violins are at present in existence,' and he appears never to have made a viola or a violoncello. The information, given here, that one of the great school of violin-makers was also a practical violinist is entirely new. 'The earliest violins of Pietro bearing the Mantuan label are in form suggestive of Amati plus a slight lengthening and stiffening of the curves of the bouts which savour of Stradivari.'

In the case of Pietro, as with the other members of the family, the book furnishes personal details of a very full character. The position of his house in Mantua, an inventory of the articles found in his workshop, and several more matters, revealed by 'exhaustive researches in the archives of Mantua,' enabled the writers to give many new facts about this master's life, including the exact date of his death, hitherto unknown.

We now pass to Giuseppe, the third and youngest son of Andrea

and brother of Pietro. The exact date of his birth has now been found in the baptism registers of the Church of San Matteo in Cremona. He was commonly known as Joseph Guarnerius filius Andree. He carried on his father's workshop and helped him in his old age. Here Messrs. Hill insert a characteristic and instructive paragraph, as a kind of parenthesis, touching the environment of Giuseppe at Cremona, as far as violin-making was concerned, in the year 1698, the date of del Gesù's birth, when he himself was 32. Members of four master families were at work there: Girolamo Amati, son of Nicolò; the three sons of Francesco Ruger; the great Antonio Stradivari; and Giuseppe Guarneri himself. Giuseppe remained faithful to the Amati ideals as transmitted by his father, and, say the writers, 'throughout his work we sense that very distinct Guarneri touch in all its main characteristics. . . . The heads are of typical Guarneri touch as carved by Andrea, but are rendered with more truth and vigour, are more accurately finished, and often of bolder design.' The growing influence of Stradivari, who was his close neighbour, is also to be seen in his work as time went on. In the opinion of the Hills, Giuseppe, though obviously not in the running with his great contemporary, fulfilled the same useful part as his father did before him. His work was better than his father's without being actually 'great.' He supplied the link between the Amati and Stradivari styles.

A beautiful illustration of a Giuseppe violoncello is given. And here it may be said that the photogravures and collotypes with which the book is so copiously illustrated are beyond all admiration; apart from the marvellous wealth of detail, which gives them immense value for the student and the craftsman, they are lovely to gaze upon. The high watermark of patient and successful research is touched in dealing with Bartolomeo Giuseppe Guarneri, generally known as 'del Gesù.' He was not only the greatest of his family but takes rank beside Stradivari himself. 'No name,' say Messrs. Hill, 'has ever evoked greater enthusiasm amongst true violin-lovers; no maker has been more commented upon and discussed; yet, withal, there has hitherto survived a touch of mystery and romance concerning both the man and his work.' This chapter will be studied with keen enthusiasm by all kinds of readers. And rather than cite any of its many salient and important features it will be better to send the reader direct to the book itself to read the story in the words of the authors.

Suffice it to say here that entirely new ground is broken as to the origin of Giuseppe 'del Gesù.' Hitherto it was accepted that he was the son of Giovanni Battista Guarneri. It is shown how this error originated with Féétis and J. B. Vuillaume, and how they were misled by somewhat slovenly researches in the Cremonese archives. It is noteworthy that suspicions as to the accuracy of these accepted theories were aroused in the minds of the Hills by repeated examination of the actual instruments made by del Gesù; and the fact that they subsequently have 'proved the sum' by their own further researches at Cremona is in itself astonishing evidence of the fine point to which their expert knowledge and subtle perception have reached.

It is now beyond dispute on the unassailable authority of Messrs. Hill that 'del Gesù' was the younger son of Giuseppe 'filius Andree,' his elder brother being Pietro 'of Venice,' and his uncle Pietro 'of Mantua.' No one can read the story of these discoveries, as told in this book, without a thrill. And further delights are in store for the

reader who will follow the refutation of the stories of the so-called 'prison-Josephs,' and the romantic fable of the gaoler's daughter surreptitiously bringing him wood and tools to make instruments in his cell.

Still more important is the detailed discussion on the technical side of the work of this great craftsman, dealt with in Chapter IV with the supreme mastery of the subject that is the outcome of knowledge alone. His work was absolutely original and individual; and if only, as Mr. Alfred Hill has observed to the present writer, del Gesù had had the finer mind of Stradivari, what might he not have produced! It is interesting to note that whereas Messrs. Hill have known of about 1,100 instruments by Stradivari, the number of 'del Gesù's' is only about 150.

Giuseppe del Gesù died in 1744, aged about 45, and with his death Cremona's golden era of instrument-making had indeed passed away.

Space will not allow comment here upon the chapter which deals with the tonal aspect, although in some ways it is the best and most important chapter in the book. There is a valuable chapter, too, on the Guarneri labels, and another on the Casa Guarneri, while a final chapter deals with the work of Pietro 'of Venice,' the last of the five Guarneri.

This article may be concluded with a few short observations. Messrs. Hill lay stress on the suggestion that the origin of these fine instruments, whether of the Guarneri, the Amati, the Stradivari, or others, was largely inspired by the Church. They also point out that the Italian atmosphere made for originality in all branches of art at this period, and they contrast the materialistic environment of the present day which no longer inspires craftsmanship. And as regards the preference for these old instruments on the part of string-players the Hills show that this is no mere craving for the antique as such, nor is it a mere modern craze; they quote some lines of verse printed in the *Annual Register* as long ago as 1787, giving it as a reason why 'men a sweet Cremona buy' that 'the fiddle's harmony improves by use.' And more than a century earlier Thomas Mace said that a new instrument 'cannot speak so well as it will do when it comes to Age and Ripeness.'

What of the future of the violin as a solo instrument competing with a modern or futurist orchestra in a concerto? Metal strings are beginning to replace all the gut strings; are we to contemplate a metal violin? What a thought for the shades of Stradivari, the Amati, the Guarneri!

The book itself is produced in a style worthy of its contents, and more could not be said.

E. H. FELLOWES.

The Complete Works of Frédéric Chopin. Oxford University Press.
Limited edition. 15 gns.

Throughout the entire contents of these three large, handsomely bound volumes there is nothing perhaps of greater interest for the student of Chopin than the opportunity of comparing two widely different versions of the Valse in C Sharp Minor, Op. 64, No. 2. Immediately following the text of the original edition, which shows this highly finished work as it is familiar to us to-day, we find an exact

reprint of a manuscript copy formerly in the possession of the Baroness N. de Rothschild, to whom this piece is dedicated. In the latter are few of the sensitive and characteristic details, the melodic variations and arabesques of the printed version. Instead we find their harmonies, clumsy writing for the instrument, and a complete absence of expression marks. Unfortunately, with one minor exception, this is the only case in which Monsieur Edouard Gauche, president of the Société Frédéric Chopin in Paris, who has edited these volumes from the original editions and manuscripts, allows us such an illuminating glimpse of Chopin the composer at work, gradually transforming with many small but sure strokes a comparatively crude sketch into a finished masterpiece. Are these many variations of text an outstanding exception in this particular instance, or are equally interesting variants to be found amongst other of the original manuscripts for which M. Gauche has been searching for fifteen years?

Without wishing to deny the many advantages of an edition of Chopin cleared of all the unnecessary emendations and often ill-judged alterations of phrasing and expression marks added by subsequent editors, we cannot feel that these alone justify the claim made for it by M. Gauche in his preface, that here at last is an edition worthy of the composer and printer 'in exact conformity with his intentions.' (Why, by the way, in a limited edition, procurable only in sets, need the preface be printed at the beginning of each volume? This redundancy we would gladly dispense with in exchange for a much-needed general index and a systematic numbering of bars.) In the course of a careful examination of these volumes we have noted in one of them alone a large number of doubtful passages, a list of which will be found at the end of this article. These include the sort of minor misprints which when found in an ordinary edition would be detected and instinctively put right by any sensitive musician. In this case, however, it is not so simple as that. M. Gauche explicitly assures us that 'not one note has been altered or suppressed,' from which we are forced to conclude that he carries editorial reverence to the pitch of perpetuating all the printers' errors of the first editions as well as leaving the more debatable questions exactly as he finds them. To name a few instances, have we the intentions of the composer in the major section of the tenth valse? Should the first two bars in the left hand correspond to the following two bars on page 68, and have two bars been entirely omitted ten bars later? In the Seventh Nocturne did Chopin intend to write C natural for the right hand in the last bar but one on page 35? Are we to accept F natural for the right hand in the fifth bar on page 109 of the twenty-third Etude? More important still is the case of the twenty-fifth Etude, printed note for note from an original manuscript and differing considerably from the piece as it is usually played. Remembering the valse in C sharp minor to which we referred at the opening of this article, we would like to know more of the history of this particular manuscript copy and why it was rejected by Chopin's contemporaries before we can blindly accept illogical melodic variants and pointless and often ugly harmonies.

We certainly owe M. Gauche a debt of gratitude for the valuable work he has done in collecting Chopin's manuscripts and first editions, and above all in acquiring the important seven volumes originally compiled by Miss Jane Stirling, upon which this edition is largely based. Let us now hope he will add to it still further at some future

time, by placing this invaluable material at the disposal of somebody who combines first-rate musical scholarship with a deep understanding of the particular genius of the pianoforte. Only then, perhaps, in a truly critical and definitive edition will these problems be satisfactorily solved and complete justice done to Frédéric Chopin, greatest of all pianist-composers.

List of misprints and doubtful passages in the Oxford edition of Chopin, Volume I:—

Prelude No. 1, page 2, bars 11 and 14: Last note in right hand, after voice, should be a semiquaver. In the last bar is the low E correct in the left-hand chord?

Prelude No. 6, page 10, bar 22: Is there a tie missing in the left hand?

Prelude No. 9, page 26, bar 2: Should the second note of the second triplet in the right hand be D sharp?

Prelude No. 10, page 17, bar 7: G sharp should not be dotted.

Prelude No. 12, page 19, bar 11: G natural missing in left hand.

Prelude No. 17, page 34, bar 3: Should the right-hand melody commence with G or B flat?

Prelude No. 23, page 49, bar 6: Is the melody and phrasing clear in the left hand?

Etude No. 3, page 13, bar 15¹: Should this be major to continue the sequence of the previous passage?

Etude No. 10, page 46, bar 8: Is there an A natural or flat missing in the right hand?

Etude No. 11, page 52, bar 18: Should the last chord in this bar and the first in the next be written an octave higher?

Etude No. 12, page 55, bar 5: D sharp missing in left hand.

Etude No. 12, page 56, bar 8: D flat missing in left hand.

Etude No. 22, page 90, last bar: Is the last chord correct as written?

Etude No. 23, page 104, bar 8: In the last group of semiquavers for the right hand B should be C.

Nocturne No. 7, page 36, last line: Key signature should be altered.

Nocturne No. 12, page 61, bar 12: Right hand should be an octave higher.

Nocturne No. 19, page 100, bar 11: Should C be sharp or natural in the right hand on the last crotchet?

ANGUS MORRISON.

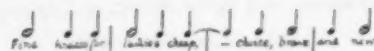
English Ayres. Elizabethan and Jacobean. Transcribed and edited by Peter Warlock and Philip Wilson. O.U.P. 27s. 6d.

English Ayres. A discourse by Peter Warlock. O.U.P. 1s.

The Oxford University Press has issued in one volume the six collections of *English Ayres* which had been previously issued separately, under the editorship of Peter Warlock and Philip Wilson, and in a separate pamphlet, 'A Discourse,' by Peter Warlock on the subject of the Ayres. Both of these joint authors died untimely, Philip

Wilson some years ago, Peter Warlock but a short while. The preface to each collection gives the substance of the Discourse, and states the case for this edition in one sentence—and that the opening:—‘The object of this publication is to present the songs or ayres of the greatest period of England’s musical history as their composers wrote them, unspoiled by modernisations, additions or alterations on the one hand, or by adherence to obsolete forms of notation on the other.’ There follows lower down an extract from the Rev. A. Ramsbotham’s excellent article on editing, requiring that the editor as ‘steward of treasure’ should ‘set down the notes he finds written by the composer.’ But Peter Warlock adds that the general public cannot be expected to understand the obsolete conventions of Elizabethan notation, and that therefore in his edition crotchetts have been used instead of minims and bar-lines have been inserted at regular intervals. He adds that the bar-lines must not be taken to have rhythmical or accentual significance, but represent a mere framework within which the life of the words, as Byrd called it, indicates the musical rhythm. Syncopation, as at present understood, is entirely foreign to the music of this period, but certain apparent cross-rhythms are indicated in this edition by square brackets placed over a group of notes. There is no general index to the collected volume, and there appears to be no plan upon which the collections have been made save that Volume II is devoted to Robert Jones and Alfonso Ferrabocco exclusively. There is, however, at the end of the ‘Discourse’ an index of composers whose songs have been edited and published by the O.U.P. in this present edition or in other forms. There are also brief notes on the composers. A further point is made that in this edition none of the songs are transposed from their original key. This states baldly the nature of this handsome, well printed, well bound volume of collected songs, and its object, to give the music ‘simple, of itself.’

It might be convenient to compare the methods of editing of three well-known series of Elizabethan songs. First, Frederich Keel’s two volumes of Elizabethan Love Songs (Boosey), published first nearly twenty years ago, whetted the appetite of many lovers of the beautiful, who were content to enjoy without too much criticism in detail of the method of presentation. Keel skimmed the cream off the lutenists, and, without pretending to be a learned scholar, gave us who were young twenty years ago a first delight in these imperishable beauties. His method was simple; the notes were set down, the lute part freely arranged, a few bars of prelude and postlude adapted from the material, and regular bar-lines inserted with no attempt to call our attention to the fact that these bar-lines did not represent accents as modern bar-lines do. This method had obvious disadvantages. The rhythm of Dowland’s ‘Fine knacks’ does not leap to the eye if you print it thus,



whereas Dowland’s barring as given by E. H. Fellowes in his tran-

scription in the lutenist edition (Stainer and Bell) makes it clear that



has a rhythm fitted to the life of the words, whereas no amount of prefaces or footnotes will prevent the average musician from feeling a syncopation inherent the rhythm as presented in Keel's version. The debatable ground is not the transcription of the notes as to their pitch or their duration, but the manner of making most plain to the average musician the rhythm that is in the music.

Peter Warlock adopted the principle which we outlined above, regular bar-lines with square brackets to indicate what he curiously calls 'cross-rhythms,' though they are by no means 'across' the general rhythm. In the first volume he gives Corkine's ' Shall a frown ' barred in this manner in 2/4 time throughout:—

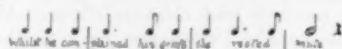


Does this rhythm assert itself easily, brackets notwithstanding, to be



with its obvious implication of triple rhythm?

The preceding song, Danyer's 'Coy Daphne' he prints throughout in 3/4 with this result (no brackets this time):—



Why not use some of these brackets if the bar-lines have become re-consecrated as fixtures and write either



or simpler still



and the difficulty is gone.

The height of indecision is reached in VI, 19, 'Inconstant Laura,' by Thomas Greaves, which is transcribed throughout in common time. The first fifteen bars are bracketed together in groups of three bars with 'quasi 6/2' over them. Of the remaining nine bars, five have square brackets with 'quasi 3/4' over them and the word 'simile,' which would appear to mean that the last four bars, which are in genuine common time rhythm, can be sung in 'quasi 3/4,' whereas they cannot.



For once in this song common time fits here, whereas 3/4 would produce



which is certainly not fitted to the life of the words. It is the more curious he should do this in view of the fact that he will transcribe a simple triple rhythm tune such as Jones's 'My love is neither young nor old,' Vol. I, 30, in 9/4 with one 6/4 bar.

Warlock was a great controversialist in his lifetime and a fine hater of other people's methods. In his dislike of them he has produced another method which he does not apply continuously or regularly, a method which appears simple enough but actually leads to greater difficulties in performance, because the eye of the accompanist cannot range high enough to see above the vocal line the square brackets which must be a guide to him also, if he is to play the song intelligently. Fellowes' transcriptions with their original barring of the composer place a strain upon both parties in threading their way through such phrases as the last of Dowland's 'Weep you no more sad fountains,' where the lines

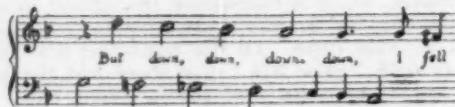
' Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping'

contain 34 crotchets between two bar-lines, but in this case no bar-lines are easier to understand than bar-lines in the wrong place.

The problem of barring lutenist songs is not difficult because the

accompaniment and the voice can be barred together. The madrigal problem is another question; here a score must be produced which is both readable as a score and also useful to make clear the rhythms of the individual voice parts to the actual singers.

Warlock says, and others agree with him, that 'Syncopation, as at present understood, is entirely foreign to the music of the period.' This is hard to reconcile with such phrases as Dowland's 'Sorrow stay.'



where syncopation seems essential to the musical feeling. Warlock notes also the 'occasional difficulties' over the fitting of the second and third verses of the poem to the music which perfectly fitted the first. He gives very little help in this edition towards solving these problems. The very first song, by Robert Jones, I, 1,



has for its third verse opening—

'Th' ape loves to meddle When he finds a man idle.'
Campion's 'O never to be movēd' (V, 3) is not at all easy to solve in the second verse.

The type and the setting out leave nothing to be desired. There are two small mistakes. III, 19, the last word on the page should be 'Who' not 'Her.' And in IV, 4, a footnote to the line

'Envy' of whom doth world perplex
states: "This would have been pronounced envy." Just like that.

It is always regrettable to have to criticise the work of a man who is dead, more particularly so as the man in question enjoyed nothing so much as a literary row, when his pen could be dipped in very bitter gall. But at the same time it is to be regretted that this edition does not help more towards the performance of these songs. The very fact that Warlock refused to transpose them militates against its usefulness as a volume. It is hard work to carry round a book containing 125 songs, costing 27s. 6d., weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and displacing 128 cubic inches, when you have no guarantee that the songs are suited to any particular compass, and when there is no index to help you find the song you want. In short, it is not a complete library edition, because it is a haphazard anthology, and it is not a performers' edition because it is unpractical. Let us hope that it will be a useful intermediate stage in the production of the ideal edition.

STEUART WILSON.

Veröffentlichungen der Neuen Bachgesellschaft: Jahrgang XXXII, Heft 2. Joh. Seb. Bachs Werke: Quodlibet, ein Fragment für vier Singstimmen. Leipzig, Breitkopf u. Härtel.

The New Bach Society was founded in 1900 with particular and practical aims—to issue Bach's music in convenient form, and to make it known by means of recurring festivals. From these purposes it has rarely divagated. Coming into existence when the original Society was believed to have put into print all Bach's extant manuscript, the publication of belatedly discovered autographs was not professed to be its province. But it has twice been privileged to issue to its members works which escaped the notice of the earlier editors, and now it has published a third, which excels the other two in interest, though, perhaps, not in importance. Like its immediate predecessor, it comes from the remarkable collection of Herr Manfred Gorke, of Eisenach, who seems to extract plums from his musical pie with the facile precision of Master Jack Horner. Indeed, his collection is about to reveal another startling discovery!

The present work, recently issued by the Bachgesellschaft, is described as a 'Quodlibet: a fragment for four voices and continuo written by Joh. Seb. Bach.' Professor Max Schneider, who has edited the work, presumably is responsible for wording which would appear to imply that Bach was the author of both words and music, an attribution which will have to be subjected to close consideration. But there is no doubt upon three points—the manuscript in Herr Manfred Gorke's collection is incomplete; it is undoubtedly Bach's autograph; and as certainly was written out—but not necessarily composed—in 1707. That was the year of Bach's marriage, a circumstance which, along with the character of the libretto, leaves little doubt that the young composer arranged its contents for his wedding. It is, therefore, the oldest known Bach autograph, and the facsimile of its twelve folio pages which Herr Gorke proposes to publish will be welcomed with particular interest.

The Quodlibet is a hotch-potch of jingling rhymes and melodies, an authentic example of the diversion in which, Forkel has told us, the Bach clan especially delighted. The tunes have the authentic Volkslied flavour, and are particularly notable if, as seems probable, they are Bach's own composition. As to the libretto, Dr. Max Schneider's attribution of the authorship to Bach is fortified by his confident discovery in it of references to Bach himself and his relatives. Herein he is probably wrong. That Bach was responsible for some of the lines is evident. But the bulk of the libretto was almost certainly written by another hand and for occasions with which Bach was not personally connected; in so far as it has biographical value, it in no sense illuminates Bach's career.

It is not opportune here to expose the arguments which fortify the statements in the preceding paragraph. The present writer has been at particular pains to investigate the sources from which Bach's incomplete Quodlibet was derived. With the editor's permission they will be displayed—along with the text and an English version of it—in the January number of this periodical.

C. S. TERRY.

Die Bachstätte in Eisenach. Der Streit um Johann Sebastian Bachs Geburtshaus. By Dr. Heinrich Alexander Winkler. Thüringer Heimatschriften Reihe 2/ Kulturkunde. 1931. Pp. 1-46.

There are wigs on the green in Eisenach, and not for the first time, over the authenticity of a public building! Heavy batteries have challenged the genuineness of the house on the Frauenplan, which, as the reputed birthplace of Johann Sebastian Bach, is and has long been a Mecca for the faithful. The garrison, protesting that it holds convincing stores of ammunition, has to this point withheld its fire, and shown itself singularly dilatory in propounding the evidence on which it bases the integrity of the citadel. The question admittedly is intricate, but there cannot be the slightest question that, to this point, not a shred of evidence worth consideration has been adduced to refute the conclusion of Herr Rollberg and other local antiquaries that Bach's father at no time lived in the so-styled 'Bachhaus'; that the only house with which his name is associated in contemporary documents stood in the Fleischgasse, on a site now indicated as 'Lutherstrasse 35'; and that in it, and not elsewhere, Sebastian most probably was born.

In this carefully written brochure Dr. Winkler gives an admirable survey of the controversy. His sympathies are with the garrison rather than its assailants, and he has himself advanced conjectures, which, if conceded, would leave to the Bachhaus its halo dimmed, but not extinguished. The present writer expressed the view two years ago, in sentences which Dr. Winkler quotes, that his arguments do not materially strengthen the defenders of the Bachhaus. He remains of that opinion, while testifying to the merits of Dr. Winkler's publication. Meanwhile the promised—the so long and so often promised—volume of documents which Herr Conrad Freyse is preparing in defence of the institution of which he is Custos is unaccountably delayed. Everyone who has visited the Bachhaus and pictured the youthful Bach as its occupant will hope that he has found convincing reasons for our continuing to venerate the building. But he has not inspired us with confidence in his ability to do so.

C. S. T.

The Progress of Music. By George Dyson. Oxford University Press.
5s. net.

It is not easy to say in a few words how good this book is. It could be read comfortably in the train between London and Liverpool. It contains no musical illustrations, or even references to look up, and hardly a technical term. In the Index we read the names of Louis XIV, Napoleon, Nebuchadnezzar and other unmusical people, yet there is not a word in the book which has not a distinct bearing on its subject. That subject is—music as it answers human needs, the needs of the Church, the castle and chamber, the stage, the concert hall, with an epilogue, the shortest and the most enthralling chapter, on men and machines. The argument is cumulative, and we hardly know which do most to advance it, paragraphs of some sweep verging on eloquence or a mosaic of hard-hitting aphorisms—such as (of the B.B.C. studio) 'One cannot crack jokes in cold silence (full stop).' It is written with a musical ear; listen to the vowels in 'The cool

quiet tone of the flute held ancient echoes of an hour's ease and intimacy' (as he goes through Haydn's orchestra); and they have only come by accident, the kind of accident that happens to a musician.

Dyson's book is not a history. It merely reminds us of what happened, without boring us if we knew before, or putting us to shame if we did not. There is in fact no book written quite on the plan of this. Each phase of the past as it crops up is accurately visualised; we get the detail of the Handel commemoration of 1784, the right setting of Hasse's remark about Mozart, but, quite equally, a picture of what tradition has done for eye and ear in the cathedral, and grounds for the hope that it will not desert us in the machine. And, behind what we are told, the reason is probed for its having been as it was, and we mostly agree with it.

A. H. F. S.

Bach-Jahrbuch: 28. Jahrgang 1931. Im Auftrage der Neuen Bachgesellschaft herausgegeben von Arnold Schering (Berlin). Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipzig. Pp. vi + 148.

The twenty-eighth annual issue of the *Bach-Jahrbuch* is of exceptionally varied interest. In the principal article Hermann Sirp, of Münster, usefully discusses the contribution of the Protestant Kirchenlied to the thematic material of Bach's church cantatas. Fritz Dietrich, of Heidelberg, writes on Bach's organ toccatas and preludes, and distinguishes them in two groups: (1) those fashioned in the Venetian mode of Merulo and Gabrieli, and (2), the more numerous body, those informed by the Roman or mid-German tradition represented by Pachelbel. Hans Neemann, of Berlin, has a particularly authoritative article on Bach's compositions for the lute, an instrument, he is assured, which Bach both taught and played. Though these compositions survive in texts for other instruments, Herr Neemann is positive that for the lute, and none other, they were originally written. Kurt Schlenger, of Berlin, a pupil of the editor, discusses the employment and notation of the wind-instruments in the early cantatas. A useful contribution to the family history of the Bachs is made by Herr Lux, of Ohrdruf, who has explored the church registers of Gräfenroda, with useful results. Of especial interest is the editor's article on Joh. Gottlob Harrer, who immediately succeeded Bach in the Cantorship of the Thomaskirche, and whose candidature as his successor was indecently pushed in Bach's lifetime. Harrer appears to have been a man of irreproachable character, and evidently a composer of merit. Gerber enumerates his instrumental music, in which he was particularly prolific. Riemann has little to say about him, and he has inspired no monograph. Dr. Schering's article is therefore of particular value as a contribution to the musical history of Leipzig. A concluding article by Dr. Heinrich Miesner reveals the hitherto unknown fact that Friedemann Bach's daughter, Sophia Frederica, married, late in life, Johann Schmidt, a musketeer, and had two daughters. Whether they married and had issue is, unfortunately, little likely to be discovered. The volume is prefaced by a graceful tribute to that true Bach-lover, Bernhard Friedrich Richter.

C. S. T.

Aulos und Kithara in der griechischen Musik bis zum Anfang der klassischer Zeit. By Dr. Helmut Huchzermeyer. H. and T. Lechte, Umsetter. 1931.

It is probable that there is still information to be extracted from the few and fragmentary Greek instruments that have survived and from what the ancient writers (and vase-painters) tell us about them, though the results of this line of research have been so far very disappointing. But Dr. Huchzermeyer's dissertation is not concerned with the mechanism of the Greek instruments, the mouthpiece and mysterious 'syrinx' in the aulos, the successive additions of strings to the cithara, and so forth, or with the scales that they were adapted for playing. He treats the subject 'nach der literarischen Quellen,' and seeks to discover therefrom how the popularity of these and cognate instruments varied at different times, in different districts and with different classes of poet (for the Greek lyrist was a musician also). Thus his work is perhaps of more interest to the scholar than to musician, but would none the less be a useful contribution, if only for the quantity of references he has collected; and its claim to attention is not limited to this.

R. P. WINNINGTON INGRAM.

John Wilbye in seinen Madrigalen. Studien zu einem Bilde seiner Persönlichkeit. (Veröffentlichungen des musikwissenschaftlichen Institutes der deutschen Universität in Prag. Band 2.) By Dr. Hugo Meurich. Augsburg: Dr. Benno Filser Verlag G. M. B. H. and Brünn: Rudolf M. Rohrer Verlag. 1931.

The author notes that this small volume is a direct outgrowth of his experience as a member of the *Collegium Musicum* of the University of Erlangen, where he first had the opportunity to sing and study the madrigals of Wilbye and his contemporaries.

An introductory chapter, dealing with the life of Wilbye and editions of his works, contributes nothing that has not been treated exhaustively by that admirable scholar, Canon Fellowes—the whole volume being a recapitulation in miniature of the latter's studies in *The English Madrigal School* and elsewhere. If a musicological 'contribution' can add nothing to the sum total of genuine scholarship, it is better left unwritten.

Wilbye's great predecessor, William Byrd, is the subject of a none too convincing comparison. After much quotation from the prefaces of the early published editions of both composers—the purpose of which, presumably, is to throw some light on the personality of each—the author attempts an analysis of the textual treatment in their music. The tendency to read into the music something that is not present is all too obvious. Dr. Heurich's method in this analytical comparison, as he himself explains, is similar to that which might be employed in a comparison of Beethoven and Weber—a study in evolution from the classical to the romantic *Geisteshaltung*. For the author, Wilbye's style represents the quintessence of romanticism. At its best, this type of analysis is of questionable value.

The Wilbye-Marenzio comparison in Chapter II, on the other hand, is more successful. Three free translations (*Nachdichtungen*) from

Marenzio's texts,⁽¹⁾ employed by Wilbye,⁽²⁾ are the subject of a sound analytical dissection. Similarly, the comparisons of Wilbye with his English contemporaries, John Kirbye, John Bennet, Giles Farnaby, Thomas Weelkes, and John Dowland—are eminently successful; i.e., the analysis of compositions by two different composers employing the same text.

The general impression derived from a careful examination of this volume is that it might easily serve as a foundation for a more elaborate and detailed work.

J. M. COOPERSMITH.

Untersuchungen über die deutsche Liedweise im 15. Jahrhundert. By Herbert Rosenberg. Wolfenbüttel. Berlin: Georg Kallmeyer Verlag. 1931. M.4.50.

This first-rate study of the nine part-songs in the *Locheimer Liederbuch* is the most recent scholarly exposition of the influences upon and the development of fifteenth century vocal music in parts. Not only is the *Locheimer Liederbuch* important in that it served as a model for German music in three parts for approximately a whole century, but also, it paved the way for the more sophisticated music in four parts of the next century. An excellent study of the evolution of the German tenor—*cantus firmus* from the earliest sources to the period of the *Locheimer Liederbuch* follows a succinct presentation of the influences of the Franco-Burgundian chanson and motet upon the part-music of the *Locheimer Liederbuch*. Especially important for this study are the works in these forms by Dunstable and Dufay. But a more important influence (by no means fully treated here) is the development of *Faux-Bourdon* technic in England prior to the Dunstable-Dufay period—perhaps the most significant development in the beginnings of modern music.

The melodic style of the *Locheimer Lieder* is made the vehicle for an extremely illuminating formal analysis (Chapter III). The *Lieder* are separated into groups, and the characteristic features of each group are analysed from the point of view of rhythm, form, and tonality.

A study in notation-transcription of the *Locheimer Liederbuch*, which was to have appeared in this volume as Chapter IV, was published in the *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft* (xiv, 67-88; November, 1931).

The musical examples in the appendix are a worthy conclusion to a notable and erudite study of fifteenth century music.

J. M. COOPERSMITH.

Die Welt der Oper—Die Oper der Welt. Bekenntnisse von Hans Gregor. Berlin: Boote & Bock.

Herr Gregor has a fluent pen, and he has much to say, out of his extensive store of recollections and impressionistic ideas, on most branches of his twin subjects. Hence is it that these worlds of his, if not exactly 'without form and void,' suffer from a formlessness which verges dangerously upon the chaotic, whilst containing at

(1) *Madrigali a 4 voci* (1585) number 15; *Il 4. libro de Madrigali a 6 voci* (1587) numbers 16 and 15; and *Il 7. libro de Madrigali a 5* (1595) number 12/13.

(2) *First Set of Madrigals* (1598) numbers 19, 11, and 20, respectively.

intervals not a little that is solid, well thought out, and even amusing. His literary style being essentially intimate and conversational, he takes the reader into his confidence from the outset and addresses him with the friendly 'Du.' Paragraphs with marginal side-headings, which are easier to note in passing than to rediscover, serve the narrator's purpose of skipping lightly from country to country, city to city, theatre to theatre, opera to opera, artist to artist. He starts off with a trip from Berlin to London in 1907, when he was director of the Komische Oper, omitting, however, to mention an earlier visit in the course of which the present writer came across him at Covent Garden. A lively conversation with Queen Alexandra is followed by a hint that Richter's sojourn at Manchester was no proof of the existence of musical art in this country. After that he has nothing more to say about England.

Forthwith he crosses the Atlantic to engage in an imaginary 'dream-talk' with Mr. Otto H. Kahn concerning the general management of affairs at the Metropolitan Opera House. Here we perceive that our author holds strong views on American methods *vis-à-vis* of opera and art culture in general. He proffers not a little severe criticism and occasionally condescends to give managerial advice. Not that he objects to high salaries on principle. He preferred, for his own part, to pay Caruso 15,000 kr. a night in Vienna and make a profit on the transaction to seeing the house half-full and incurring a loss. Caruso was one of his favourites, and another is Mme. Jeritza, whose 'genius' he holds in such high estimation that he devotes many pages to the study of the artist and of her *Tosca* in particular. Apparently she can do no wrong. Herr Gregor's admiration for Wagner and Verdi extends also to Puccini; but the mounting of their works requires a meticulous production by some 'Inszenierungsleiter' of his own calibre. In analysing these functions of the stage-producer he knows not the meaning of fatigue, though perchance his reader may. Most things, he finds, are undergoing deterioration—Bayreuth for one. He adored it in the old days (*e.g.*, his lengthy diatribe against Conried's rape of '*Parsifal*'); but now he regards the Festspiel and everything appertaining to it in the light of a commercial undertaking. The theatre had always had its faults. Wagner as a producer had demanded the impossible—the ships in the '*Fliegende Holländer*', for example, and Grane and the dragon in the '*Ring*'; and since the deaths of Cosima and Siegfried the artistic side of the organisation had declined from bad to worse. Doubtless there are many home truths to be found among the thrusts that Herr Gregor aims at the stupid, outworn conventions of the operatic stage. It is there that he knows most whereof he speaks, and can be reliable as well as entertaining. Only when he is dealing with crowned heads, composers and *prime donne* does the reader need to exercise caution. A story of a visit paid by Melba to Manuel Garcia (told by an American lady, a teacher of singing) bears on the face of it strong evidence of doubtful origin. That Melba had lessons from Garcia was recently denied in a London paper; that she ever sang for him at his house at Cricklewood is for various reasons improbable. But that the centenarian master, if and when he heard her, 'listened with his face buried in his hands,' and afterwards declared, amid hysterical ejaculations, that the voice of his own Jenny Lind was 'merely silver,' whereas that of Melba was 'gold, most pure and valuable gold!' sounds like a fable of the purest water.

HERMAN KLEIN.

Muziek Geschiedenis in Beeld. Door Casper Höweler. Amsterdam: H. J. Paris. Fl.8.

Lately there has appeared a bewildering succession of what may be called short-cuts to knowledge with the aid of pictures. Such is the highly diverting book before us, packed with a mass of illustrations excellently produced and carefully chosen. The letterpress which accompanies the pictures resolves itself of necessity into so much tabloid information. A sympathetic teacher could enlarge that aspect of the matter, checking the facts and explaining more fully their significance. The book, indeed, would make an admirable basis for class work, though for that copies would have to be multiplied, and the price is high. Looking through the series of photographs of modern composers, one is struck by the preponderance of sick men among them. Debussy's white face and too great expanse of abdomen, Busoni's drooping mouth, sagging eyes and lined face, Reger's great breadth of a general softness, his long, loose lips, his tired eyes under their heavy lids, Hugo Wolf with a face of pain and eyes that stare and seem to be watching for the next move of the enemy, Mahler with his thin, hard lips, with signs of arteriosclerosis between eye and ear and an inhuman tenacity and fixity in his whole bearing, Mussorgsky a fallen Falstaff, unkempt, the delicacy of his features hardly visible now, Puccini looking like a ghost, an effect all the more striking for his general air of the *soigné* man of leisure, complete with cigarette. Then one comes suddenly on the photograph of a small man sitting writing, his face keen, the lips closed, the eyes intent, a hand which seems as firm as a rock—Ravel. Even a frankly popular manual such as this can start a train of thought.

Sc. G.

The Garcia Family. By John Mewburn Levien. Novello. 3s. net.

The Garcia family had immense vitality and its unusual fecundity in performing musical talent has about it the quality of some Renaissance family, let us say, of instrument makers where son followed father in the same business and with similar success. We may be thankful that in the Garcia family a tyranny functioned which made it practically impossible for any child of Manuel the first to become anything but a musical performer. But even if Manuel had not fixed his daughter, La Malibran, with his famous and terrifying 'Andalusian look' during singing lessons, or Mme. Manuel refused to allow Pauline Viardot to become a pianist 'because the Garcias are a family of singers,' still musical talent of some high order would almost certainly have come from those three remarkable children. La Malibran sang all the world over and was mourned by Lamartine and de Musset. Pauline Viardot, her younger sister, did as much, was worshipped by Turgéniev and, as a final, almost unbelievable, apotheosis, was accepted by the Schumann-Brahms circle. Manuel the second became the world's greatest singing teacher, had Santley as pupil, and lived well past his centenary. The recounting of this delightful and somehow impressive passage of musical history is pleasantly carried through by Mr. Levien in this score of pages, the substance of a lecture delivered before a number of learned societies.

Sc. G.

Stravinsky. Von Herbert Fleischer. Berlin: Russischer Musikverlag.
M.3.

Haydn. Door G. Keller. Den Haag: J. P. Kruseman. Fl.3.75.

The first of these books follows the usual plan of biography, æsthetic, works. The biography is useful for the facts it gives. The last section is also serviceable in so far as it keeps to the discussion of technical matters, less so when the writer attempts to describe by means of words what can only be listened to or performed. The middle section goes further afield in an endeavour to trace principles of development as the works succeed each other, and to discover Stravinsky's place in the general category of composers. Criticism of the work of a living composer suffers from the disadvantage of dealing with a subject that is still in the making. To arrive at a conclusive judgment, all the available evidence must be at the writer's disposal, a state of things which cannot obtain since the composer himself is the only one to whom the future is available, and he will hardly be expected to be able to pronounce on that problematical contingency. And thus when Herr Fleischer says, for instance, that Stravinsky is the exponent of the new (Russian) generation we accept the statement with diffidence, realising that even if music can be said to interpret so vast and various a multitude as a new generation (does not, rather, the generation interpret the music?), only history can decide what the characteristics of the present generation were, and whether Stravinsky, more than Beethoven, embodied them.

The book on Haydn is a well written, informative study. The facts are plainly put and technical matters explained adequately in short form. An instance of excellent compression is the description of the symphony as Haydn found it (p. 80), which prefaces the discussion of the symphonies themselves. For a book in popular style, evidently meant to have a general appeal at the time of the bicentenary, this has a great deal to recommend it.

Sc. G.

Music. A short history. By W. J. Turner. The How-and-Why Series. A and C. Black, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.

Without explicit information as to the general aims of this series, of which the present handbook forms a part, it is difficult to gauge either the book's educational value or its literary worth. The two qualities, instead of combining so as to reinforce each other, are in perpetual conflict. The much condensed matter is on the whole tersely put and as is natural with music, least generally understood in its technicalities of all the arts, it demands a certain amount of prior textbook knowledge for its full comprehension. That rules out the youthful beginner as a possible public to whom the book might be directed. There remains the intelligent adult who, not unaccountably, knows as little of the scientific basis of music as he does of the technicalities of its workmanship, but who with this book in one hand and a textbook in the other can be expected to arrive at a fairly clear idea of both problems. He, on the other hand, flattered by the call made on his powers of rapid assimilation, will feel a little

hurt at being told of 'Sinfonia avanti l'opera, which means Symphony before the opera' (p. 88) or of 'the Latin word *octava*, meaning eighth. It will be seen that the reader must choose one of the two stools offered him and sit firmly on it, ignoring its neighbour. That done, both profit and pleasure may be gained. Facts are exactly noted and well marshalled. As must be in so small a manual some things are missed. Whether they are important depends on the taste of the reader. In the list of peoples in historic times (p. 59) who 'had developed a musical art in which both rhythm and musical tone had a part' the Chinese should surely have been included if only because of the antiquity of their system. The author allows himself a relatively large space in discussing the music of the Greeks. Knowing him to be more wide-ranging in his interests than the average musician we are not surprised at this, for an aware mind cannot withstand the appeal of Greek thought and culture, and in compiling a history of European music must of necessity take those things into account. It is, however, in this section of his book that the author has set down a bewildering sentence. ' . . . I suspect that the Greeks could express in music more than such simple emotions ' of manly severity, plaintive sweetness, etc. To express emotions in music is as impossible as the author says it is to say that Japan has declared war on China. But you can trust those in your audience who are capable of feeling emotion to have a variety of emotions aroused (differently for each listener) by the music you have composed. And so, if the author means by the sentence just quoted that the Greek musician would probably be successful in arousing more than 'such simple emotions' in his audience he is most certainly right. This book itself has done something of the sort, for clearly it makes one think more deeply than others of its kind.

Sc. G.

The Life of Anton Bruckner. By Gabriel Engel. New York: The Roerich Museum Press. 50 cents.

Ignoring the first three words of this essay ('Like Franz Schubert') because they recall too stridently the adulation, so uncritical and false, with which Bruckner is surrounded, it is worth while to read on. Unfortunately in the second paragraph the phrase 'like Haydn' starts from the page, but that practically ends these high falutin' comparisons. Bruckner, plain, honest, God-fearing man that he was, suffered a strange fate in that he became the centre of a storm of recrimination and bitterness. He adored Wagner, and that made his path no easy one, for he and his music were stigmatised with the hatred of the powerful anti-Wagner clique in Vienna. Later, however, things bettered themselves; his works were accepted for performance, eventually obtaining popularity as warm as the previous partisanship has been hostile, and during the last years of his life he tasted the joys of hero-worship and wide fame. Even Hanslick owned that, although he could not find anything to his liking in Bruckner's vast symphonies, they evidently had worth of some order, and Brahms behaved handsomely to the man while reserving an admitted antipathy to the music. So much can be gathered from the biographical section (the largest) of the present booklet, which is written in a straight-

forward manner. The final chapter, 'The symphony of the future,' is tendentious and leads the author on to ground that is notably insecure. Bruckner's music is still the sport of windy emotionalism, and both praise and blame are equally distended and untrustworthy. When the pother has been allowed to die down it may be possible to see clearly into the question, but that time is not yet.

Sc. G.

Giuseppe Verdi Nelle Lettere di Emanuele Muzio ad Antonio Baretti.
Treves, Milan.

The correspondence of one who for some years was Verdi's constant companion and to some extent, his pupil, provides a valuable addition to recent Verdiana even if it does not bring to light new facts or reveals unsuspected features. The main facts of Verdi's life have been known since the publication of Signor Gatti's study; as for criticism, it is not what Muzio ever contemplated or, indeed, could contemplate. He was a born hero-worshipper; Verdi for him was a monarch who could do no wrong. It is not of this stuff that critics are made, and the editor of the collection, Signor L. A. Garibaldi, is guilty of error when, trusting Muzio's words, he concludes that the London performance of 'I Masnadieri' was an unquestionable success. In the face of such evidence as Muzio's, he asks, how can the biographers assert that the opera did not succeed? The answer is simple enough. Muzio was probably misled by the applause with which Verdi was greeted as a distinguished guest, and almost certainly did not know enough English to translate, without error, critical notices. He definitely states that the papers, the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Chronicle*, spoke favourably of the music. Now the most eminent English critic of the time was Chorley, who defined 'I Masnadieri' Verdi's 'most paltry work,' and declared that it survived recollection only on account of the stage appearance of Mlle. Lind, 'who looked Schiller's Amalia to the life,' and of a violoncello solo in the introduction 'which first showed London what a consummate master of his instrument we had acquired in Signor Piatti.'

Such evidence is conclusive at least as regards contemporary criticism. Muzio is more reliable and more interesting when, instead of dealing with criticism and music, he shows himself in the character of a devoted friend or an observer of contemporary men and manners. For if there is little art in his writing, there is a wealth of sincerity and shrewd observation. His description of London in the 'forties does not compare with the marvellous picture of Elizabethan England left by Giordano Bruno. But it is interesting enough to deserve quotation.

Muzio came to London with Verdi to supervise the production of 'I Masnadieri.' He was at once impressed by the magnificence of the town. No one but an idiot can say that London is not beautiful, he says. But the climate was not to his liking. 'In the early morning the air is fair; but at about seven or eight o'clock fires are lit in private houses and workshops; fifty steamers begin their journeys up and down the Thames. Their smoke cannot rise on account of the heaviness of the atmosphere, and so it penetrates everywhere.' Once he went to the trouble of noting how the weather changed in twenty-

four hours: 'As soon as the sun showed itself a great bank of fog spread over the Thames; eight times it rained and eight times the sun peeped out. But the sun seems afraid to show itself.' Sunday in London was a day of mourning: 'The streets are empty. The people are at church listening to sermons; many, however, pass the day in bed and others go to the country to make merry. The English say that on Sunday one meets in the road only dogs and Frenchmen. And, in truth, all the people one sees are foreigners.'

The climate had some influence on Verdi, much to the concern of Muzio, who began to find 'the maestro' more difficult and more melancholy than usual. Both were charmed by Jenny Lind. 'I found La Lind,' writes Muzio, 'very gentle in manner, kind and well informed. She is a great and profound musician and reads anything at first sight. Her features are ugly and stern; she has a large nose, Northern complexion, squat hands and feet. She lives in retirement and hates the stage. She told me she could only conceive content as something very remote from the theatre and those connected with it.'

Muzio came to have a high opinion of the tastes and discernment of London audiences. It is not true, he says, that the English pay to hear great artists without understanding what they hear. That report originated in France and was carried into Italy by Frenchmen. The English, he points out, never failed to recognise a masterpiece when it was put before them, unlike the Romans and the Parisians, who decried 'The Barber of Seville' and 'William Tell.' The admiration of the English is not expressed in the conventional manner, but more reasonably and as it is felt. He is unable to understand, however, 'the enormous patience' of audiences who can listen to a concert lasting six hours 'at the very least' in which some fifty pieces of music will be performed.

This entertaining collection is prefaced by an essay contributed by the editor which echoes the enthusiasm of Muzio's own letters.

F. B.

Istituzioni e Monumenti dell' Arte Musicale Italiana. A Cura di Giacomo Benvenuti, Ricordi, Milan.

The first volume of this monumental edition which has now been published by Messrs. Ricordi is that rare thing, a work which bears out all that the publishers claim for it. It is handsomely printed and bound; it is accurate and informative; it deals with two famous Venetians of the sixteenth century whose influence on the music of the time can hardly be overestimated—Giovanni Gabrieli and his uncle Andrea Gabrieli. The scholarly preface of Signor Giacomo Benvenuti takes us still further afield and gives us a complete survey of the Venetian school as well as a study of the times and influence the Gabrielis exerted on their northern successors. Signor Benvenuti is not only a learned commentator; he knows the art of inspiring the reader with his own faith and enthusiasms, and it is impossible to read him without coming to share his profound admiration for these early masters who lacked the more complex and finer machinery of their successors, but neither genius nor the sincerity. His preface provides thus the best introduction to the study of an art the limits

of which seem beyond question somewhat narrow to the modern musician but enshrines within those limits much that is still fresh, convincing and distinguished.

Any one of the compositions now published bears ample testimony to the talents of the Gabrieli. Take, for instance, the eight parts aria of Giovanni Gabrieli '*per sonar*' 'Chiar' Angloletta.' Music has grown around the words as leaves grow round a flower; the two blend together harmoniously and exquisitely. The somewhat precious character of the words is emphasised ever so gently by the art of the musician, who finds in every phrase a subject on which to exercise his ingenuity. The descending melody to match 'Scesa Dal Ciel,' the 'Ohimè' sighed by one choir after another, the more florid line on 'E'l Riso'—these are delightful touches. Or take the Battaglia of Andrea Gabrieli. Signor Benvenuti compares it to a similar essay of Jannequin and justly remarks that nothing can show more definitely the progress made by real polyphony between 1515 and 1586. Here is the prototype of the 'choral symphony'; its realism is magnificent and achieved by astonishingly simple and direct means.

After 1610 almost all the new publications of the music of the Gabrieli were issued not in Italy but further north—in Antwerp, Basle, Leyden—and the Germans came to imitate not only the music but the very titles used by the two Venetians. 'It seems almost,' says Signor Benvenuti, 'as if the ring Giovanni Gabrieli sent from his deathbed to his beloved pupil Schütz, had sealed a contract and brought about an alliance which was to lead to great and unforeseen developments.' If a modern Italian edition has been long in coming, its excellence makes ample amend for the delay.

F. B.

Lettere di Arrigo Boito. Raccolte da R. de Rensis. Novissima, Rome.

In some respects these letters of Arrigo Boito recall the Copialettere of Verdi. Boito was a man of immense culture; his style bears the unmistakable stamp of the literary expert for whom apt phrasing, neat expression and ordered thought are second nature. Verdi was self-taught to a large extent and unversed in the artifices of the writer; although, like Boito, he read assiduously Dante, Shakespeare and the Bible, he read as an amateur listens to music, without appreciating the artistry that is behind the expression. But the two collections resemble each other in this, that they bear the unmistakable stamp of the writers' character; both suggest, above all, sterling honesty, sincerity.

The volume opens with an appreciation by Boito of Alberto Mazzucato, who was his tutor at the Milan Conservatoire. Much that he says of Mazzucato's character applies with equal justice to Boito himself. Mazzucato taught that humility is inseparable from greatness; no one set a nobler example of humility than Boito when he devoted his talents to the writing of Verdi's libretti, giving up even the hope of concluding the opera which absorbed his energies for so many years. He learnt from Mazzucato the tolerance he showed in wide measure in his maturity; and perhaps the unconventional texture of 'Mefistofele' owed a good deal to a teacher whose methods appear

to have been at least unusual, for Boito recalls how Mazzucato revealed to his students the genius of Benedetto Marcello singing his Psalms and accompanying himself at the piano, and 'no one will ever match those readings, so magnificent in style, so penetrating, so perfectly measured in expression.'

Many other instances could be quoted to show the value these letters possess in reconstructing the history of the times and the conditions of Italian music during the Verdian era. Incidentally facts emerge from the correspondence which dispell various misunderstandings. For instance, it is generally thought that 'Mefistofele,' accepted by the Italians after its first failure, never made much headway abroad. As a matter of fact, in 1884, nine years after the success of Bologna, both in France and in Belgium, the hundredth performance was being contemplated—not a bad record for a foreign work by a new composer. The correspondence reveals another curious phenomenon. With the success of 'Mefistofele' Boito's whole outlook changed. The apostle of revolutionary ideas and methods developed the temper of a philosopher; maturer knowledge brought doubts in its train; he began to see that national ideals differ and are in some of their aspects irreconcilable. He who at first had boldly challenged public opinion and stirred more controversies than any Italian of his day became something of a recluse, rather shy of coming into contact with the public, and anxious only that his name should not appear in journal or newspaper. He signed his librettos with the pseudonym 'Tobia Gorrio,' and would not allow his reconstruction of the libretto of *Boccanegra* to be acknowledged in the usual way on the front page of the score. While before his criticism had been often pungent, it erred later on the side of toleration. Most young composers could get him to read and often to praise their work. Of the operas he heard in his last years only Strauss' 'Salome' drew from him bitter comment. 'It is a charivari,' he writes to the French critic Bellaigne, a 'bruit de casseroles qui dure une heure et cinquante minutes' and Strauss is a 'vitrioleur de l'art.'

In his preface Signor R. de Rensis remarks that the success of 'Mefistofele' marked the end of that 'dualism,' that 'antithesis between good and evil' which had been with Boito a veritable obsession. To my thinking, it rather looks as if 'dualism' took a different form. In music he was always swayed by the two ideals represented respectively by Bach and Marcello. But while his first literary allegiance was for Dante and Goethe (the libretto of 'Mefistofele' cannot be explained in any other way), he later substituted Shakespeare for Goethe. The enthusiasm aroused at first by the conflict between good and evil (a conflict which—contrary to the opinion of recent criticism—he understood to be the basis of 'Faust') was later transferred to the contrast between the Christian and the pagan civilisations so admirably represented in the text of *Nerone*. And to the end he was drawn by the irreconcilable ideals of two arts—music and poetry. He would have excelled more securely in either had he been able to devote himself to one alone.

There are many wise and some profound sayings in these letters. Boito reacted to friendship as he reacted to the stimulus of all that is great and lofty. His joy knows no bounds when Bellaigne comes to acknowledge the excellence of Bach, 'another bond between us.' In 1918, in a letter to Bellaigne discussing the war, he expresses the

hope that it may bring closer together the allied nations: 'the love of one nation for another has been reserved so far for a few chosen spirits, it should be general'; and later, again to Bellaigne: 'Savoir comprendre, savoir aimer, savoir exprimer—voici les grandes joies de l'esprit humain.'

His affection for Verdi and his intimate understanding of Verdi's art are frequently voiced in the letters, the most important, in this respect, being that in which he describes Verdi's attitude towards religious belief. Boito's artistic Testament is all in one sentence: 'I have served faithfully Verdi and Shakespeare; I have desired nothing more.'

The terse and succinct notes added by the editor tell us exactly what we wish to know.

F. B.

Zur Geschichte der Musik am Hofe in Hannover 1636-89. By T. Abbetmeyer. Homann, Hannover. pp. 70.

This dissertation describes the historical and cultural environment of that place and time, supplements George Fisher's *Musik in Hannover*, and discusses three Italian operas. The 'description' is clear and readable. Duke George who made Hanover the Residenzstadt in 1636 is a distinct personality; so are the four dukes who succeeded him, with their two theatres (Schloss and Herren Garten), their visits to the gay Vienna, their sumptuous fêtes, and their picturesque womenkind. (It is something for us to be able to answer the question, 'How did George II come to be uncle to Frederick the Great?') The 'supplement' treats of fifteen dance-pieces (French) and eleven three or four part songs (Italian). The Thirty Years' War (1618-48) accounts partly for the absence of German music. The 'discussion' concerns *Il Pastor Fido* (1699) by P. P. Vannini, *Adelaide* (1672) by Antonio Sartorio (of Hanover, not, as Fétis, Eitner and others say, of Brunswick) and *Antonio e Pompegano*, ascribed on stylistic grounds to him. Their atmosphere is that of the Pastorelles which evince the taste of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

WALTER FORD.

The Voice. Frank E. Miller, M.D. (Schirmer.)

Mr. W. J. Henderson, in a prefatory notice, tells us that the author of this book is a leading throat specialist in New York who has the vocal organs of famous singers under his almost daily observation.

It is disappointing under the circumstances that the work adds so little to our knowledge of the voice.

The progress in phonological science which has taken place in

England during the last 30 years is apparently unknown to the American author. This is shown, for example, in his use of the word 'tone,' which in English means the quality of a note and not the note itself. Other things—such as 'vocal cord' and 'coup de glotte'—are also not properly defined. The analysis of vocal sound into its four factors: Breath, Note, Tone and Word, is fundamental to our common understanding of phonological principles, and no one who has not that fact firmly in mind need take the trouble to write about it.

From the scientific point of view there is little to commend the book to English readers.

W. A. AIKIN.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC

The following abbreviations are used:—[J.W.] Joseph Williams, [Au] Augener, [O.U.P.] Oxford University Press, [W.R.] Winthrop Rogers, [B.] Boosey, [K.P.] Keith Prowse, [Y.] Year Book Press, [A.] Arnold. *Pianoforte*

Ager, Laurence M. *Strange craft*. Two pieces for a proficient child. [J.W.]

Baines, William. *Purple Heights*. The middle section has a certain breadth of treatment. The rest is dry. [Au.]

Bainton, Edgar L. *From tropic seas*. Foreign climes do not appear to have stirred the composer very deeply. There is a homely savour in these short pieces and even 'Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian sea' is indistinguishable from any Cathedral Close. [J.W.]

Bairstow, Edward C. *Variations on an original theme for two pianos*. There is good sound writing in these. The theme is not very distinguished, and one feels that the ingenuity displayed in the variations deserves more personal material. This work is worth studying. [O.U.P.]

Carse, Adam. *Air sentimental*. [J.W.]

Chamberlain, Ronald. *Porpoises*. *The phantom horseman*. Presumably the first of these is a joke, though in quite good taste. The second has some effective passages. What it needs is a more extensive knowledge of pianoforte ornament. [J.W.]

Dunhill, Thomas F. *Valse douloureuse* (pf. duet). A pleasant teaching piece. [W.R.]

Fox, K. Dorothy. *Five Pieces*. This is a strange bundle, not without individuality, though 2 and 5 are trite enough. 1, 3 and 4 evince the same tendency to start with a show of simplicity and then to plunge into heavy, rather stiff and angular progressions of chords. 3 is the most attractive, 4 has most originality.

Gray, Donald. *Fun of the fair*. For the very young. [B.]

Milkin, Nina. *Two fairy tales*. *My toys*. These, as the work of a very young composer, show promise. The first are diffuse. The second, by far the best, are good, many of them cleverly observed, especially The Top. [W.R.]

Moy, Edgar. *Seven miniatures*. Good child's music. [W.R.]

Templeton, Alec. *Reverie*. This meanders, in the style of Chaminate, though she would not have been so uneventful in her dreaming. [Au.]

Thiman, Eric. *Water pieces. New tunes to old rhymes*. It is the second volume that has most to say. It is a pity the tunes are decked out with such an array of squash-chords which have no element of decision in their make-up. [K.P.]

Yuille-Smith, C. R. *Idyll*. Very pleasing pattern-making. It must be enjoyed for that alone. There is nothing more to it, though that is sufficient to carry a quick reader to the end. [O.U.P.]

Arrangements

J. S. Bach. *Thirty-five Chorale Preludes*. These are arranged by W. Gillies Whittaker from those organ preludes 'which have no independent line for pedal' or a pedal part 'confined to a concluding note or two.' Very little editing has been necessary. This edition is welcome for, as the editor points out, few pianists know of these chorale preludes since they are shut away in organ volumes, and at the same time organists seldom play them because they are written solely for the manuals. Print and general style of these four volumes are excellent. [O.U.P.]

Unison Songs

Bullock, Ernest. *Let praise devote thy work*. There is a broad tunefulness about this which makes it a good singing song. The scansion seems odd in places. [Y.]

Dyson, George. *Wend along*. Another good tune with a lilt. [A.]

Evans, David. *Unto the hills*. Welsh words are given first, and the composer could stand the test of having his tune set beside his own national melodies. There is a descant added. [O.U.P.]

Hales, Hubert. *Fear no more*. To get the full effect of the delightful counterpoints of the accompaniment this must be turned from a unison song into a solo. It has great charm. [Y.]

Holst, Gustav. *Roadways*. Masefield's words and Holst's music well wedded. [Y.]

Howells, Herbert. *Delicates, so dainty. Sweet content*. Both are excellent and much to be recommended. [A.]

Part Songs

Evans, David. *The bells of Cantre'r Gwaelod*. Wales comes into the field here with great assurance. This is a lengthy part song, the writing of which shows an inventive imagination. It should sound very effective and is altogether a worthy piece of work. [O.U.P.]

Gibbs, C. Armstrong. *The little green orchard*. A setting for solo, S.S.A.A. chorus and pianoforte of a poem by Walter de la Mare. It is a delightful thing. [W.R.]

Holst, Gustav. *Before sleep*. A canon, for male voices, of a most curious construction. It should interest the brave in puzzling it out, and beyond the puzzle there is the beauty. [W.R.]

REVIEWS OF PERIODICALS

La Revue Musicale. Paris. April.

This number is entitled *Goethe et la musique* and is evidently compiled with a view to the centenary. Goethe's ideas on music were curiously incomplete and many of the articles before us are taken up with the examination of this question. Henry Prunières reviewing Romain Rolland's 'Goethe et Beethoven,' points out that Goethe's musical sympathies stopped at the beginning of the Romantic Period. He willingly gave himself to Mozart but not to Beethoven. André Cœuroy holds that he never overcame a certain feeling of astonishment at the power of music, especially Beethoven's. That he realised its power to charm is clear from what Théodore Gérold writes of Goethe's activities in stage productions at Weimar. Which brings us to the famous second part of the 'Magic Flute,' with regard to which Raymond Petit contributes a short article explaining the modifications he has made in the text before setting it to music.

May.

Jean Cartan, the young French musician who died in March at the age of twenty-five, will be remembered in this country for the finely written Sonatina (for flute and clarinet) which was produced at the International Festival at Oxford last year. Albert Roussel writes of him with affection and esteem. From the analysis he gives of Cartan's work it becomes evident that music has suffered a grievous loss this year. Henry Prunières contributes an extensive study of vocal ornamentation in the operas of Lully, Campra and Rameau. Among other useful articles a short note on some ancient medals, dealing with an unusual aspect of music, makes pleasant reading with its plate of illustrations with which to compare the text.

June.

The young French composer Marcel Delannoy (born 1898) is the subject of an article by René Dumenil. Mozart, the 'tragic musician,' is dealt with by Henri Ghéon. A lengthy study of the seventeenth century madrigalist Luzzasco Lubbasci is contributed by Jan Racek. This is a useful piece of research. Armand Machabey continues his description of the musical aspect of *Tallement des Réaux's 'Historiettes'* begun in the previous number.

July.

An article on Haydn's sonatas for violin and viola by Georges de Saint-Fox deserves notice. Emile Harszti writes on the family of Esterhazy, drawing upon documents which he has unearthed in the archives which Pohl, knowing no Hungarian, left untouched. The young Russian musician, Igor Markévitch, known here as the composer of a pianoforte concerto performed in the last Diaghilev season, is the subject of an article by Pierre Souvtchinsky. Similar service is done for Charles Bordes by René Chalupt. Baron Rodolphe d'Erlanger contributes a note on Arabian music.

Revue de Musicologie. Paris. May.

In an article on the Camerata of Bardi and sixteenth century Florentine music, Henriette Martin pays special attention to the aesthetic principles of the group as enunciated in their writings, providing at the same time a useful biographical study of the men themselves. Lionel de la Laurencie contributes an informative description of the activities of Telemann during his stay in Paris (1737-8) and the fortunes his music had there. M. L. Pereyra continues a valuable series of notes on the virginal music to be found in the library of the Paris Conservatoire.

August.

Campra's 'Fêtes Vénitiennes,' one of the most successful ballets produced at the Paris opera (1710), is the subject of an article by Paul-Marie Masson. The matter is gone into at some length, the ballet being described in full with illustrations. Three books of clavecin pieces by Dandrieu are detailed by Paul Brunold. The volumes are from Mr. Dolmetsch's collection, another copy of the third being also in the Bibliothèque Nationale. A continuation is made of the article on the Camerata, started in the previous number.

La Rassegna Musicale. Turin. May.

G. Pannain's 'Notes on Monteverdi's madrigals' are thorough without being epoch-making. M. D. Calvocoressi returns to the charge in an article on the true Kovantschina. The original score has just been published in Russia and all Rimsky-Korsakov's turpitutes lie revealed. The Old Believers stand to win many to their cause through this. Another gauntlet is thrown down, no less than the revision of *Götterdämmerung*. The writer, G. L. Luzzatto, puts his case reasonably. He is chiefly with the abolition of certain scenes which he considers do harm to the balance of the opera considered as a whole. The article is undoubtedly worth studying.

De Muziek. Amsterdam. July.

News from Russia forms the most interesting part of this number. G. Poljanowsky contributes the information. The position sounds favourable, above all for opera. Before the Revolution there were six operas in Russia; now there are twenty. In Moscow alone there are six opera companies, some of which tour in the summer. 'The musical life of the U.S.S.R. is extraordinarily many-sided and intense.' The writer mentions a number of performers and conductors. We are also told that a new opera called 'The year 1905' is due from Davidenko and Schlechter. After all that it seems somehow tame to turn back to an article on animals and music. But this is worth reading. The writer, Dr. Erwin Felber, has useful observations to make on such aspects of his subject as the imitation of animal noises as a possible beginning of human music.

Die Musikersiehung. Baden. January-June.

This periodical, which reaches us now for the first time, is in its ninth year. From the six numbers before us it is possible to gauge its scope and determine its aim. An interesting article by Konrad Huschke discusses Bülow as teacher. Wilhelm Haas goes into the question of the teaching of ancient music in schools. Berthold

Nennstiel takes the teaching of harmony to task. Kate Mollowitz describes a 'musikpädagogische' tour of England in handsomely complimentary terms. This lady, however, kept her eyes and ears open, so her congratulations are worth having.

Modern Music. New York. March-April.

'Germany on the breadline' and 'Vienna resists the Depression' give one side of the present-day picture. 'Under the red flag' is an interesting description of music in the U.S.S.R. contributed by Alfred Schlee. The Schönberg Lyceum at Mödling is written of by Adolph Weiss in an article that gives the facts clearly.

May-June.

Aaron Copland, the composer, belabours critics (American breed) especially for their neglect of native composers. The tale is old, but this is a diverting version. Another composer, Carlos Chavez, appears, this time as the subject of an article by Paul Rosenfeld. The First Festival of Contemporary American Music, held in April at Yaddo, Saratoga Springs, New York, must have been a vital affair, from what the description given here leads us to suppose. It was at this Festival that Copland made the onslaught on critics on which the article noticed here is based.

Zeitschrift für Musik. Regensburg. May.

The number opens with an appreciation of the composer Richard Wetz by Alfred Heuss, who also contributes an account of the Heinrich Schütz Festival which took place at Flensburg in February.

June.

The work of Othmar Schoeck, the Swiss composer whose music was performed in London some months ago, is discussed by Hans Corrodi, author of the biography reviewed in a previous number of this journal (see *MUSIC AND LETTERS*, October, 1931). There are the usual reviews of books and music.

Chord and Discord. New York. February.

This is best described by its own sub-title: Official Journal of The Bruckner Society of America. It is all Bruckner. 'A word to Anti-Brucknerites' hits hard, and a little wide a times. With Bruckner, Mahler is taken in and his 'musical language' discussed. We wish this brave venture well.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

Pianoforte Solo

H.M.V.—The Beethoven Society. *Three sonatas (op. 78 in F sharp major, op. 90 in E minor, op. 111 in C minor, played by Artur Schnabel)*. This is a remarkable beginning to what we hope will be the issue of the complete pianoforte sonatas. Listening to Artur Schnabel's leisurely, dignified performance one has the feeling that it is the purest quality of Beethoven interpretation that is being provided. Schnabel treats the music with dignity and thereby compels the listener to treat it in a similar way. At the same time he controls the concern with undeviating firmness so that while there is ample freedom of rhythm there is never any looseness, and although there is sentiment enough in the interpretation there is no sentimentality. It is this determination to let nothing count but the music which gives his performance its character. Yet there is great personality in his playing and time after time its presence is apparent. One is compelled to imagine that Schnabel has built his own personality so closely in harmony with the music that they are indissoluble and the one has now become the expression, interchangeably, of the other. Few performances and very few gramophone records have laid bare such a profound sympathy.

op. 78.—As in all these three sonatas the formal basis of movement is made apparent by an appreciable pause between the end of one set of subject matter and the beginning of the next. Note the slight difference in the treatment of the second part of the first movement and its repeat. The second movement is an exquisite piece of playing. The slightly clipped semiquavers (in the alternating D sharp major-minor passage) are unusual.

op. 90.—The first movement is stern, a little harsh, the accents very definite. The second movement suffers from that evanescent tone which is the bane of pianoforte reproduction. On the fourth side there is a curious example of taking on after a break. In starting the new side Schnabel, who has finished the previous side on the last chord of the section (the first beat of the bar), repeats that chord and then starts in with the new section. Try as one may, it seems inept.

op. 111.—In this record there exists one of the most notable achievements the gramophone has so far brought off. Schnabel plays unhurriedly and it is this sonata which gives one to feel the dignity of his method. The slow unfolding of the *Arietta* is magnificent. It is here that there occurs an unusual reading (variation 5, 14th full bar, last semiquaver R.H. flat added to A).

Johann Strauss: *Two waltzes arranged by Dohnanyi* (and played by him). There is something undeniably attractive in this kind of brilliant arrangement of 'good tunes' where everything sparkles and scintillates, and all seems very difficult and extremely well played. As arrangements each of these is good, but the 'Schatz' waltz is infinitely more effective.

Orchestral

H.M.V.—Beethoven: *Pianoforte concerto No. 5, op. 78* (Artur Schnabel accompanied by the L.S.O. conducted by Malcolm Sargent). In many ways this is a beautiful performance. The orchestra does not show up well beside the pianist's extraordinary grace and strength of utterance, though some of the playing at the end of the slow movement is good accompaniment and does nothing to interfere with the preparation for Schnabel's astonishing attack of the finale. The pianoforte playing is brilliant, and the reproduction is extraordinarily true.

Gluck: *Overture to 'Iphigénie in Aulis'* (Berlin State Orchestra conducted by Leo Blech). Mottl's arrangement. The playing is thoroughly good, every detail in its right place, the tone excellent with the possible exception of the full string tone at the beginning. On the fourth side is the Musette from 'Armida,' also very well carried out. The tempo is slower than many conductors here would have it. On the whole it suits the music to be thus deliberately played.

Wagner: *Hommage March* (Berlin State Opera Orchestra conducted by Leo Blech). This music must be heard to be believed. The present record brings out all its noise and bombast. As a reproduction of tall talk it succeeds perfectly. A soft needle is advised.

Wagner: *Venusberg Music from 'Tannhäuser'* (as above). Coming directly after the previous record this one seems delicacy itself. There is nothing to criticise in the playing. It is excellent in tone, exact in rhythm and gives you the music unadorned. The record as a whole does not transport one as a more brilliant interpretation would, but instead it satisfies by reason of its stability. It is a good record for purposes of study.

COLUMBIA.—Grieg: *Elegiac Melody* (Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Mengelberg). Two movements that, for all the good playing they have in this instance, sound vague and aimless. Even a good record such as this cannot persuade one that the music is worth while.

Adam: *Overture 'Si j'étais roi'* (Orchestre symphonique de Paris conducted by Eugène Bigot). One may be allowed to wonder for what possible public this can be meant. The playing is sound. Otherwise there is nothing to recommend the venture. A few archeologists will be glad to have the opportunity of shaking the dust out of these antiquated frills and furbelows.

Thomas: *Overture to 'Mignon'* (as above). Thomas lived forty years longer than Adam, and his music, as exemplified here, is a good half-century more vital. Remarks as to performance of the preceding record apply here also. Neither record has personality, but each gives the music a fair chance of speaking for itself.

Opera

H.M.V.—Wagner: '*Siegfried*' selected passages, third set (Melchior, Tessmer, Schorr, Habich, the L.S.O. conducted by Heger). A great deal of pleasure may be had from listening to this well-chosen selection. The artists are first-rate, the orchestral work careful and adequate. Perhaps the finest recording is that of Schorr's voice, which comes through always extremely clearly and keeps its quality over the

microphone. The great scene in the first act between Wotan and Mime (Tessmer) which starts 'Heil dir, weiser Schmied' is splendidly sung by both. It is one of the most moving episodes in the opera, besides being set to some of the finest music of all the Trilogy, and it was a wise decision to record it.

Wagner: *Two solo excerpts from 'Meistersinger' and 'Walküre'* (Lauritz Melchior, orchestrally accompanied). The singing is all that could be wished and the reproduction very true, counterfeiting exactly both tone and phrasing. One of the best records of its kind.

Wagner: *'Das süsse Lied verhallt' from 'Lohengrin'* (Göta Ljunberg, Walter Widdop and orchestra). Another successful record, though Ljunberg has made better.

Wagner: *Prize song* (Walter Widdop). In English. The recording is clear.

Miscellanea

Borodin: *Nocturne from the second string quartet* (The Lener Quartet). But why not the whole quartet? This is too tantalising, thus to be fobbed off with a single movement. The mere fact that this snippet is so splendidly played makes the situation the more distressing. (Columbia.)

Mendelssohn: *Two songs without words* (Lionel Tertis). One can hardly ask Mr. Tertis to record the whole set, though after these two one does almost feel able to listen to them all straight on end. (Columbia.)

Stanford: *Te Deum in C* (St. George's Chapel Choir, Windsor, conducted by Sir Walford Davies). One of the best choral records we remember having met. (Columbia.)

Sc. G.

ERRATA

In the July number, owing to the Editor's absence at the last moment, two mistakes occurred. In Mr. Girdlestone's article 'Muzio Clementi,' examples Nos. 1 and 3 should have been as follows:

Allegro. (Opus 8, N° 1. Published, 1783.)

Ex 1

Ex 3

Largo e Sostenuto

In Mr. Powell's article 'A Question of History' (foot of page 320) there should be a note to the words 'not used by Shakespeare' — 'except in the *Merry Wives*, where the word occurs in a quotation from Marlow.'

BERNARD SHAW

ERNEST NEWMAN (*Sunday Times*) : "I had no idea until I read Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Music in London 1890-94* what excellent work he was doing for music in England forty years or so ago. These articles strike me today as being by far the most brilliant things that musical journalism has ever produced in this country, or is ever likely to produce."

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